Mistura

1928

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
OF THE
INDIANAPOLIS COLLEGE OF PHARMACY
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

DEDICATION

TO

HAROLD E. DUFENDACH, B. S.

Professor of Chemistry

WE, THE SENIOR CLASS, AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE THIS VOLUME AS AN EXPRESSION OF OUR HIGH REGARD FOR ONE WHO HAS STOOD THE TEST DURING OUR YEARS OF ASSOCIATION.

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FOREWORD

Between these covers we have striven to catch the elusive figure of Father Time himself, and to stem the tide of years that flows swiftly past—into eternity.

If these likenesses of old friends herein retained, and these few glimpses of old familiar surroundings, make warm a place in your heart for our book, then we have accomplished our purpose, and we consider our task well done.

INDIANAPOLIS COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE

The Indianapolis College of Pharmacy was established in April, 1904, and on September sixth of the same year enrolled its first class, numbering twelve students. The college was established for the purpose of giving a thorough and efficient preparation to young men and women desiring to enter the field of Pharmacy. Special courses were also given for those who planned to do additional work in Chemistry.

All of the hopes of the founders have been happily fulfilled. The college has been in continuous operation for more than twenty-four years. The enrollment the first year was twelve students; in 1928, it is more than two hundred. The first graduating class numbered eleven. In 1928 there will be over forty graduates. This number is not as large as usual since this class is the first to complete the three-year course now given at this school.

The history of the college has not been uneventful. It has been moved four times, at intervals of about five years each. The cause on three of these occasions was the necessity for seeking larger quarters in order to accommodate the steadily increasing classes, and to provide the space necessary for satisfactory work.

The present home of the college leaves very little to be desired. The property extends one-half city block on Market street and the same distance on Davidson street. It is easy of access, and only eight blocks from Monument Circle. There are numerous lecture rooms of large size, two with a capacity of more than one hundred students each. A large central amphitheatre affords an excellent opportunity for student assembly. The large laboratories for chemistry, botany, bacteriology, dispensing pharmacy, scientific window decoration, etc., are fully equipped for their various phases of work.

There is plenty of room for diversion; there are inter-class and inter-scholastic basketball games, there are dances and other social affairs.

Since its beginning, this college has had the largest enrollment, and the largest graduating classes in the state. We can be justly proud of our Alma Mater.

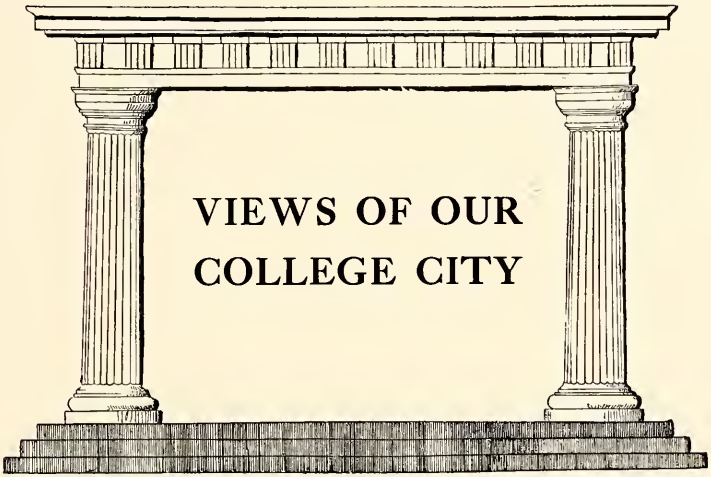
FACULTY ADDRESS

DEAN NILES

To the Graduating Class of 1928

This is the twenty-fourth class to graduate from this college, and it has the distinction of being the first to complete a three-year course. This has been a severe test of your ability and perseverance; this is shown by the fact that only about one-half of the Freshmen who started with you will graduate.

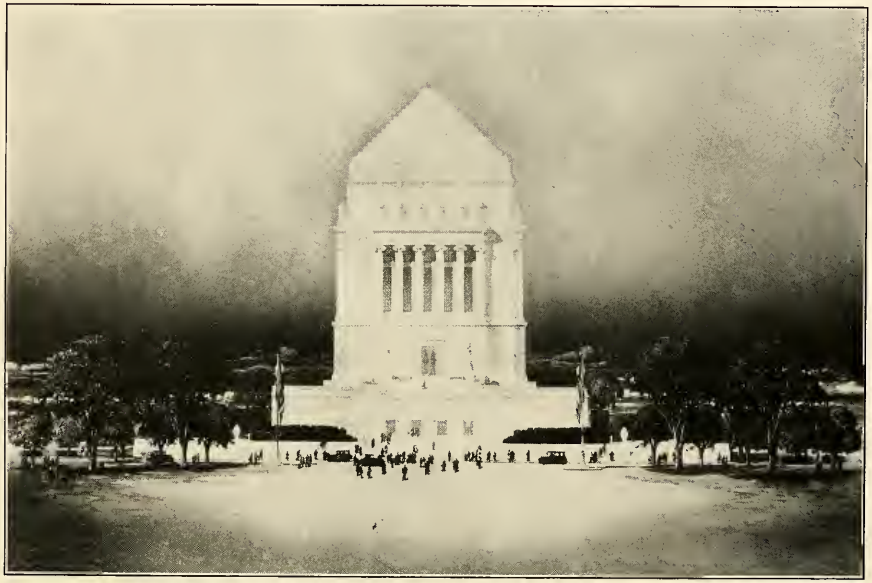
You are about to enter the professional world, and we wish to stress on this occasion the importance of your duty as pharmacists and your concern in Public Health. You are qualified by education and training to render a distinct service to the commmunity in which you reside. You will have an intimate contact with the public and will be in a position to disseminate reliable information. You should use every opportunity to co-operate with public health agencies and individuals in allied fields. In performing such duties you will conform to the ethics of your profession, and in addition will receive the material rewards which accompany success.



VIEWS OF OUR COLLEGE CITY

CENTRAL Y. M. C. A.—WHERE MANY I. P. C. STUDENTS LIVE

Coliseum at State Fairgrounds; Scene of Ma ny State High School Basketball Tournaments.



NEW INDIANA WORLD WAR MEMORIAL

FACULTY

FACULTY

ARTHUR E. BERTRAM, Ph. G.
Instructor in Botany.

HARRY J. BORST, Ph. G.
Professor of Commercial Pharmacy.

LEROY D. EDWARDS, B. S.
Professor of Materia Medica and Botany.

HAROLD E. DUFENDACH, B. S.
Professor of Chemistry.

EDWARD F. WAGNER, Ph. C.
Professor of Pharmacy.

EDWARD H. NILES, Ph. C.
Pharm. D., Dean
Professor of Pharmaceutical Chemistry.

MILTON McDONALD, Ph. G., A. C.
Laboratory Instructor.

RAY B. ROBERTSON, B. S., M. S.
Professor of Bacteriology.

C. RICHARD SCHAEFER, M. D.
Professor of Physiology.

ERNEST C. STAHLUTH, Ph. G.
Lecturer on Commercial and Pharmaceutical Manufacturing.

R. G. FOSTER
Instructor in Display Work.

GEO. A. SCHUMACHER, A. B., A. M.
Professor of English.

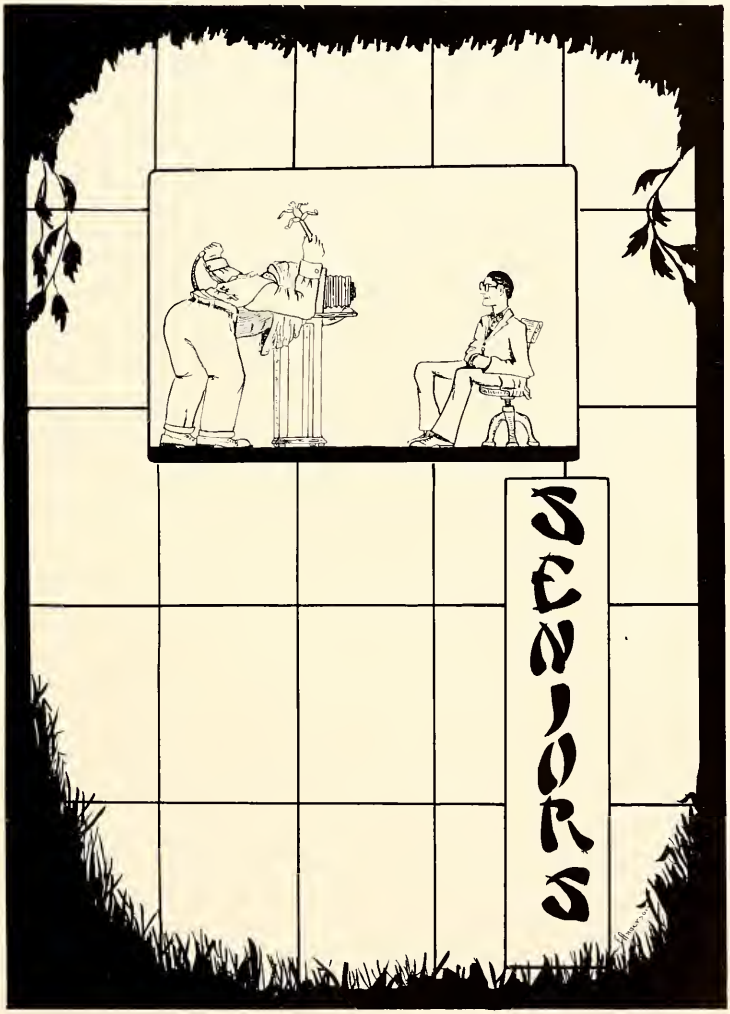
EBER H. TETER, A. B.
Professor of Economics and Psychology.

WILLIAM G. WHITE, A. B., LL. B.
Lecturer on Commercial and Pharmaceutical Law.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT

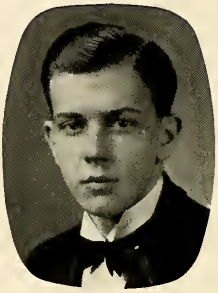
Wm. A. Logan

A class of forty-three ambitious boys
Struggling, mingling sorrows with joys.
We have no fear, for we'll try to do
All that is good and kind and true,
With scorn in our hearts for those who shirk
And try to flee from life's great work.
No task is too hard, no joy too great;
It is good to dream and hope and wait.
No artist will ever paint so true
The deeds this class of ours will do.
I often sit and ponder and dream
And think of life as a living stream;
As we float along, these souls of ours
May we pluck the thorns and plant some flowers,
Tearing away from the poison vine,
Helping some struggling soul to climb
Safe to the goal of better things—
Turning away the bitter stings.
There are too many to call by name,
Yet we know some will stand in the hall of fame.
We all will applaud and proudly proclaim.
There's not one to spare for deeds of shame
For this I will vouch, for one and all,
We will hear the voice of duty call.
Yes, we will hear the voice, and we trust and pray
We'll respond to the call in a noble way.
And some, we are sure (for most boys do)
Will hear the voice of a maiden true.
May she who is claimed as a loving wife
Inspire her mate to a higher life.
And, fond hopes rewarded as true toil brings,
We will bravely work for the higher things.

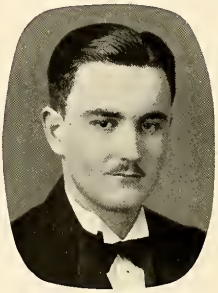

SENIORS

CLASS OFFICERS

DANIEL TALBOTT
President



HORACE CUTSHALL
Vice-President



H. C. WARMOUTH
Secretary

CARL SPEELMAN
Treasurer

Class Motto—Perseverance to the end.

Class Colors—Purple and Gold.

Class Flower—Orange Blossom.

HOMER L. ARMSTRONG "Army"

Needham, Ind.

Basketball.
Be not simply good; be good for something.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

JOSEPH A. BILLS "Joe"

Fortville, Ind.

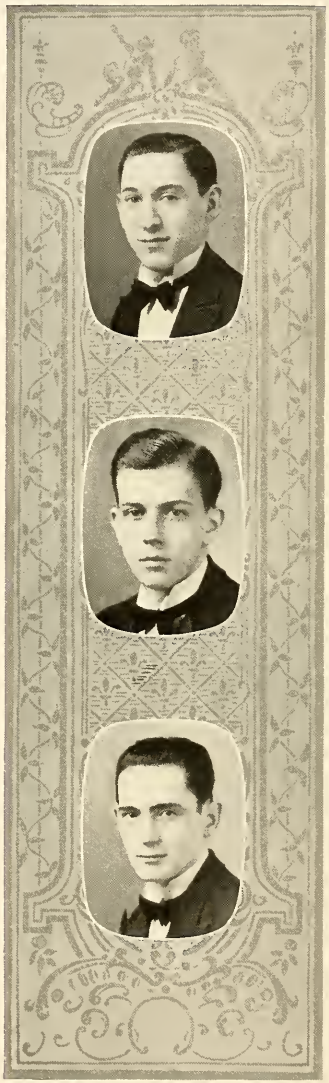
In this world of fuss and hurry
Let us hesitate.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

HERBERT BOHN "Herbie"

Indianapolis, Ind.

Snapshot editor, "Mistura."
Wisely improve the present, it is thine.



MEYER COHEN "Mi"

Indianapolis, Ind.

Only game fish can swim upstream.

⁂

C. HORACE CUTSHALL "Cutch"

Huntington, Ind.

Assistant art editor; class secretary, '27; class vice-president, '28.

Great souls are portions of eternity.

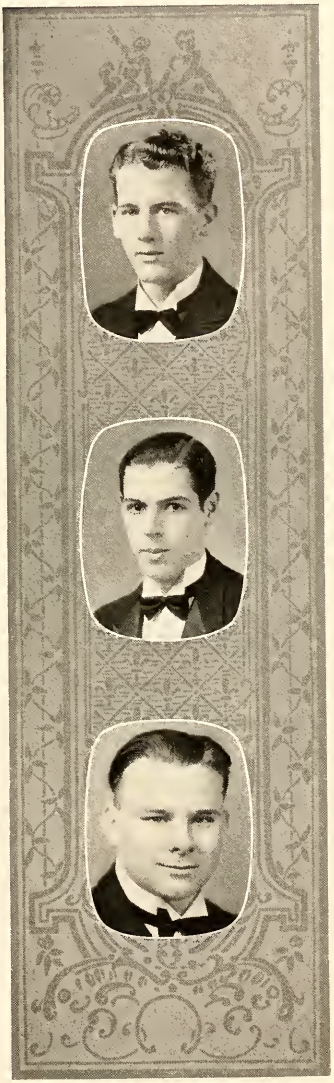
⁂

GLENN P. DENTON "Dent"

Marion, Ind.

Joke editor, "Mistura."

Count that day lost, whose low decending sun
Finds thy hands bound, no worthy action done.



J. LEWIS DUPRAZ "Dupee"

Vevay, Ind.

Great truths are portions of the souls of men.

MELVIN DURKEE "Mel"

Evansville, Ind.

Literary editor, "Mistura"; basketball; baseball.

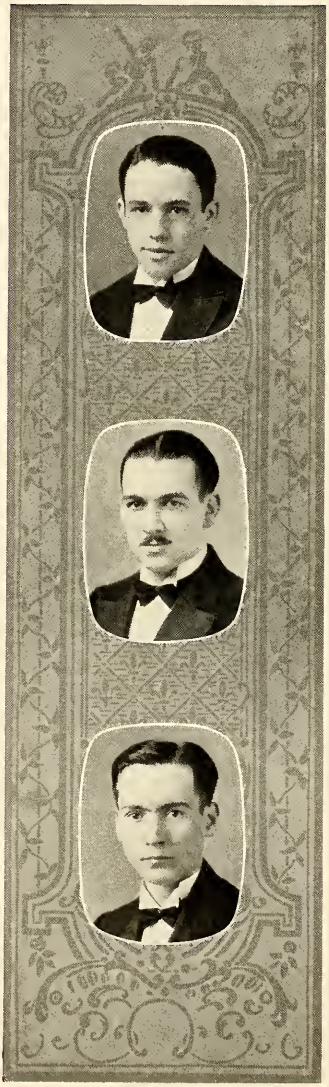
In the bright lexicon of youth, there is no such word as fail.

GEORGE G. EBERT "Shorty"

Indianapolis, Ind.

Circulation editor, "Mistura."

A little learning is a dangerous thing; drink deeply, or taste not.



BLAKE S. EMERSON "Emmy"

Owensville, Ind.

Basketball.

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to like what one has to do.

JOSEPH E. FLAHERTY "Mike"

Chicago, Ill.

Let us be inflexible, and fortune will do us favor.

ROSCOE D. FRITZ "Fritzy"

Oblong, Ill.

Do your duty, and a little more.

ANTHONY N. HAAG **"Toney"**

Indianapolis, Ind.

Editor-in-chief, "Mistura"; class vice-president, '27; baseball; basketball.

Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

⁂

LAWRENCE J. JOHANTGEN **"Jo"**

Indianapolis, Ind.

Football.

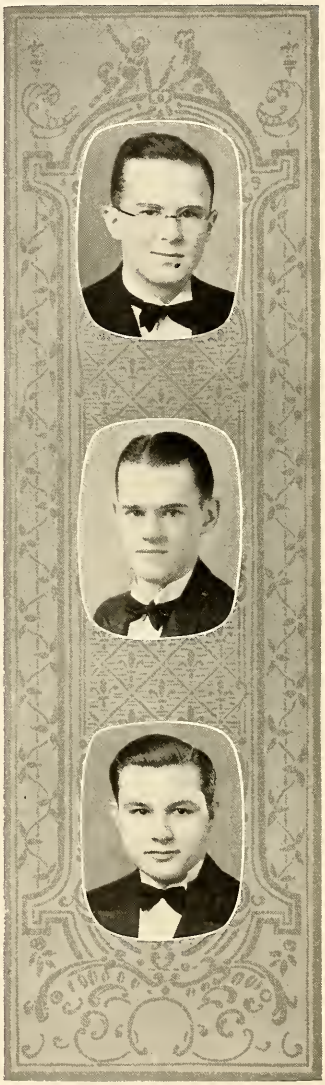
Beware of small expenses,
A little leak will sink a big ship.

⁂

WARREN F. JONES **"Jonesy"**

Chicago, Ill.

Yesterday is dead—forget it,
Tomorrow does not exist—don't worry,
Today is here—use it.



BERNARD KEENE "Bern"

Indianapolis, Ind.

Football.
It pays to render more and better service than one is paid to render.

⁂

GORDON C. KIDDER "Kid"

Chicago, Ill.

A man after my own heart.

⁂

JOSEPH C. KRAMER "Joe"

Vincennes, Ind.

Art editor, "Mistura."
Still waters run deep.

LELAND A. LARRISON "Lee"

Amboy, Ind.

Basketball; football.
Books shall not bother my education.

⁂

WILLIAM D. LIVELY "Bill"

Indianapolis, Ind.

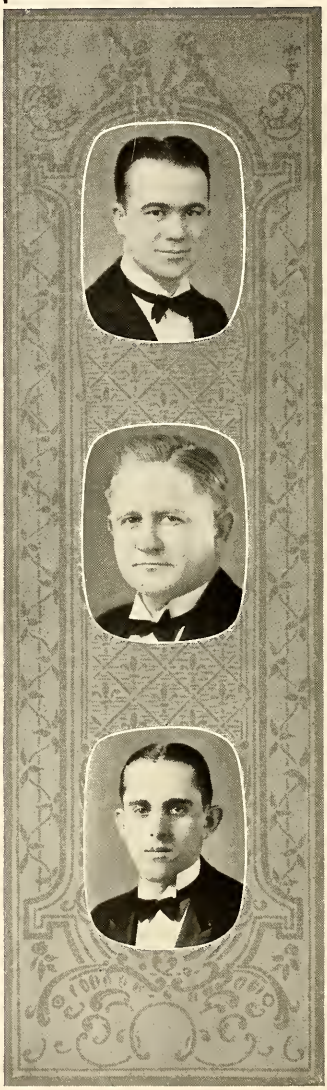
Class prophet, "Mistura"; class vice-president, '26; basketball; baseball.
The race is not always to the swift.

⁂

WILLIAM A. LOGAN "Billy"

Crawfordsville, Ind.

Football.
It's not the load that weighs us down; it's the way we carry it.



DANIEL A. McCAUGHNA "Mac"

Bottineau, N. D.

Grit your teeth, but smile—don't frown; we each must bear our own burdens.

WILLIAM H. McCROSKEY "Mac"

Lawrenceville, Ill.

Business manager, "Mistura"; class treasurer, '26.

Oh, what a nightmare
This school life seems to be!

ARNOLD S. MEIER "A. W."

Freelandville, Ind.

Assistant advertising manager, "Mistura."

Greater men have been born, but I doubt it.

JAMES P. MELSER "Pat"
Calumet City, Ill.

Associate editor, "Mistura"; class president, '27.

Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat and there you are.

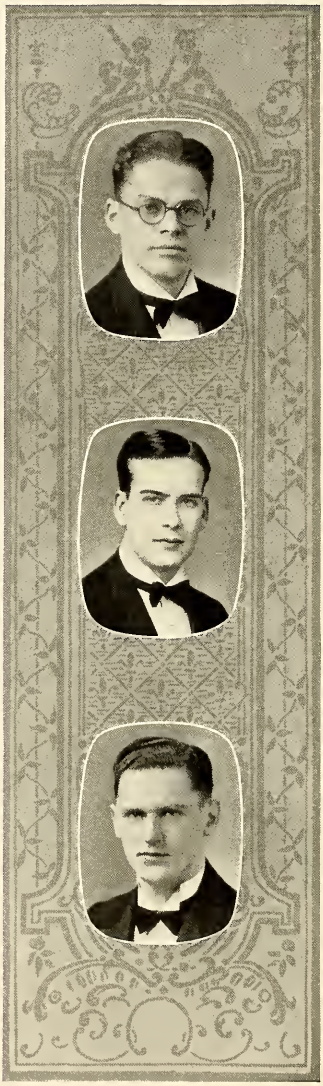
HAZAN A. MILLER "Ham"
Mishawaka, Ind.

Assistant business manager, "Mistura."

The world is given as a prize to the man in earnest.

LLOYD LIVINGSTON "Livie"
Dunlap, Ill.

We learn not for recitation, but for life.



FAYNE OTTINGER "Fay"
Whitestown, Ind.

Calendar editor, "Mistura."

A great man is made up of qualities that meet or make a great occasion.

DONALD L. PRICE "Don"
Arlington, Ind.

Athletic editor, "Mistura"; baseball; basketball; football.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

C. EDMOND ROBERTSON "Ed"
Terre Haute, Ind.

Alumni editor, "Mistura"; football.

In battle or business, whatever the game, let this be your motto: "Rely on yourself."

JOSEPH S. SALERNO "Lucky"
Berwyn, Ill.

We have come to a bend of the road
in our lives,
And we pause where the pathway
turns out.

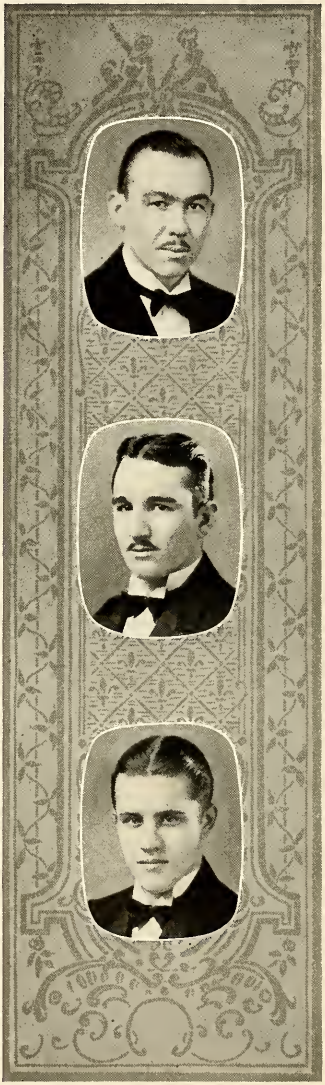
GEORGE E. SCHOENER "Gawge"
Indianapolis, Ind.

We get out of life as much as we give,
No more and not less.

ALTON P. SEYMOUR "Snooky"
Franklin, Ill.

Assistant advertising manager, "Mistura"; baseball.

Let me be blessed, for the peace I
give.



TRUMAN H. SHIRLEY "Shirle"
Nashville, Ill.

My ship comes in, and in the harbor waits.

CARL SPEELMAN "Speelie"
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Class treasurer, '28; baseball; basketball; football.

I will do my duty, while I am able.

ARTHUR W. SPRANDEL "Gus"
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Basketball; football; baseball.

Men like him are not found every day.

WILLIAM STRAFFORD "Will"
Indianapolis, Ind.

Advertising manager, "Mistura"; football.

A merry heart that laughs at care.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

DANIEL E. TALBOT "Dan"
Linton, Ind.

Class president, '28; football.

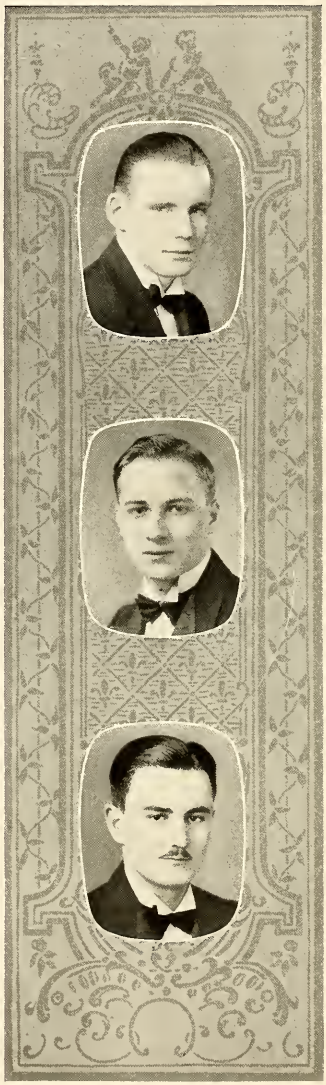
Aye, every inch a king.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

ROBERT TEETER "Teet"
Bunker Hill, Ind.

Football.

A true gentleman, honest and industrious.



ROBERT VESTAL "Bob"
Indianapolis, Ind.

Society editor, "Mistura."

I will not dream in vain,
The steps of progress wait for me.

MELVIN WALTZ "Golly"
Fort Wayne, Ind.

That boy is no common clay,

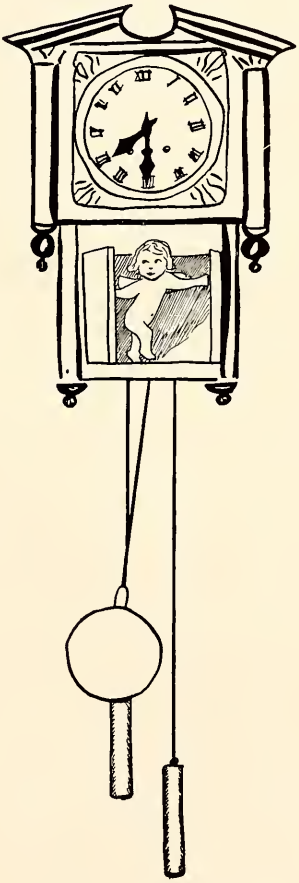
And mark ye, his will be no common fortune.

HIRAM C. WARMOUTH "Gov"
Terre Haute, Ind.

Class historian, "Mistura"; class treasurer, '28; class secretary, '28; football; baseball.

Every man came into this world for something.

Calendar



CLASS CALENDAR '27, '28

SEPTEMBER

Monday 12—School opens and Freshies register and get broke in.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday 19-20-21—Senior and Junior registration.

Thursday 22—First real classes begin. No lab schedule yet. Plenty soft, so far.

Friday 23—Seniors begin to notice who came back, and who did not. New—three gangsters from Chicago.

Saturday 24—Seniors study the art of Pharmacy on Saturdays this year.

Monday 26—Check out equipment for lab.

Tuesday 27—Few lost Seniors roll in—late as usual.

Wednesday 28—First lecture on Pharmacognosy. Herbie Bohn starts the usual argument with Prof. Edwards.

Thursday 29—Prof. Borst delivers his first lecture in Commercial Pharmacy, and so forth and so on.

Friday 30—Prof. Wagener puts out an extemporaneous lecture in the Pharmacy laboratory. He knows us all.

OCTOBER

Saturday 1—Denton and Durkee arrive at last.

Monday 3—Flaherty says, "Illinois School of Pharmacy was never like this!"

Tuesday 4—First class meeting of the year called. Dan Talbott elected president. We decide to meet every Tuesday.

Wednesday 5—State board examiners take over the laboratories.

Thursday 6—Prof. Wagner opens up about what kind of preparations our "speed artists" are turning in.

Friday 7—Many absent on account of sickness. First day of the World Series.

Saturday 8—Prof. Wagner says, "No 'ifs' nor 'ans' about it."
Monday 10—Some late, others not even that.

Tuesday 11—Bohn says he has a photomicrographic sketch of some gonococci.
Wednesday 12—While downtown, Prof. Wagner sees three prominent students leave the Circle theatre at about four P. M. They wonder what business professors have on the Circle during school hours.

Thursday 13—Circle theatre addicts receive notice about the above-mentioned occurrence—and how! Dire predictions as to the fate of those who cut classes and seek pleasanter pastimes.

Friday 14—Everyone present today (Eureka) and turning out A-1 preparations.

Saturday 15—Class heavyweights manhandle Pat Melser—but it's all in fun, and besides, he is quite easily tossed about.

Monday 17—Orders from headquarters, "Everyone positively must make his own preparations, and weigh out his own material." Looks like we'll have to "work out our own salvation."

Tuesday 18—Bohn is out doing his stuff with the camera, and he reports he may even have to send the films to New York to get them developed.

Wednesday 19—Speelie is still cultivating a soup strainer.

Thursday 20—Sprandel loses an argument with Prof. Wagener. At least he has to leave the lecture room. And that's that!

Friday 21—Must be a good show in town, the movie devotees are absent again.

Saturday 22—Only two hours in which to absorb knowledge today.

Monday 24—Larrison appears with a book of prescription blanks printed with his name. Some class, eh, what?

Tuesday 25—Lively misses the first lecture. Nothing unusual.

Wednesday 26—Still drawing pretty pictures in Pharmacognosy.

Thursday 27—New problems in Economics to solve.

Friday 28—Hyman swipes one of Lively's pills. Near riot.

Saturday 29—Up to our ears in Materia Medica.

Monday 31—One of the three horsemen from Chi absent--away on "business."

NOVEMBER

Tuesday 1—A dog-gone day for Pat Melser. Prof. Wagner makes a few trite remarks about morons who have nothing to do but shut poor innocent doggies up in the desk in the lecture room. Too bad he didn't find out who did it.

Wednesday 2—Rolled a few more pills, and drew lots of things we didn't see in Pharmacognosy.

Thursday 3—Prof. Borst meets the Commercial Pharmacy class with the usual "so forth and so on."

Friday—"Doc" Meier, of the Swan-Brookshire Prescription Laboratories opens up and shows the boys some real speed in filling the old R's. Is he fast? Oh, my!

Saturday 5—Lively's day off.

Monday 7—Three Musky Steers from Chicago strut their stuff. These boys sure know their pills and solutions.

Tuesday 8—"Doc" Meier absent again today so the rest of the class can catch up with him.

Wednesday 9—Full moon today. So was one of the class booze artists.

Thursday 10—Logan says the four tools of stock turn-over are shovel, hoe, harrow and plow.

Friday 11—Armistice Day. Juniors and Frosh battle on the gridiron for football honors, the winners to get the beautiful hand-engraved loving-cup donated, shhhh! by the Thompson Malted Milk Co.

Saturday 12—It is officially announced that the Juniors have won the Armistice Day game, and they are presented with the malted-milk shaker. Ha' dog!

Monday 14—Blue Monday. How come? Oh, there'll be days like that.

Tuesday 15—Ebert must have slept with the baby again last night. His hair is all mussed, and he's late again.

Wednesday 16—Turned out a few high-powered suppositories today. Not so good.

Thursday 17—Bohn and Hyman are working on a new preparation called Fu Fu Oil. Used in cases of acute indigestion, also good for typewriters and sewing-machines.

Friday 18—Another big titration today.

Saturday 19—Lively and Meier have their day off again.

Monday 21—Mid-semester exams begin.

Wednesday 23—Everybody home to eat turkey.

Monday 28—Back to the grind again.

Tuesday 29—Everyone physiologically inclined today.

Wednesday 30—Pharmacognosy note-book grades available. Is that tough?

DECEMBER

Thursday 1—Class meeting this A. M., and we decide to give a dance before the Christmas holidays.

Friday 2—Meier and Schoener agree that Prof. Wagener is all bark and no bite. Just wait, boys!

Saturday 3—It is rumored that Robertson is considering a vaudeville tour as a player of jazz on the piano.

Monday 5—Pills, powders and suppositories all at once today. There is no rest for the wicked.

Tuesday 6—Those unfortunates who left their Pharmacy questions at home get "the gate."

Wednesday 7—Pat Melser has obtained a patent on his high-powered suspenders. Only galluses of their kind in captivity.

Thursday 8—Strafford still as quiet as ever. Perhaps someone repeated the old adage, "Children should be seen and not heard."

Friday 9—Speelie wonders if Cohen's creditors will have as hard a time collecting as he does.

Saturday 10—Prof. Wagener hunts up a few Spanish synonyms and springs them in his quizz.

Monday 12—Gov. Warmouth is dismissed from arithmetic. Gee, it's nice to be smart!

Tuesday 13—Herbie Bohn proves himself to be Prof. Teeter's right-hand man.

Wednesday 14—Prof. Wagener makes it plain to Meier and Schoener that one cannot rush through laboratory work and get by with it at 1. C. P.

Thursday 15—Prof. Wagener "timidly" informs Meier that he is missing too many classes.

Friday 16—Card-trick Lively, it is rumored, has been engaged as assistant to the great Thurston.

Saturday 17—Usual mad scramble for choice seats. Prof. Edwards is giving a little test.

Monday 19—Prof. Wagener proves that there are only six teaspoonfuls in an ounce.

Tuesday 20—Seniors throw a big dance at the Chamber of Commerce.

Wednesday 21—Many vacant chairs today. See above for explanation.

Thursday 22—Christmas vacation starts today. Three cheers!

JANUARY

Tuesday 3—Vacation's over, and we start on the last lap toward graduation.

Wednesday 4—Several Seniors have not discovered that the holidays are over. Shirley and Flaherty still missing.

Thursday 5—Ebert deserves a stick of peppermint gum. He came to school on time this morning.

Friday 6—Armstrong is still showing everyone the tie he got for Christmas. It is a wow.

Saturday 7—Back in step again.

Monday 9—Haag and Miller save our reputations. You couldn't see the grades the rest of us got in the Pharmacy exam with a microscope.

Tuesday 10—Larrison decides that when it comes to vaseline, Seymour takes the whole jar.

Wednesday 11—Afternoon lab attendance very meagre. (Keene says there is a good show on at the Circle this week.)

Thursday 12—Prof. Borst (In Commercial Pharmacy): "Now get me, boys, am I right?"

Friday 13—Unlucky day! Prof. Wagener "reminds" delinquents about paying tuition.

Saturday 14—The coal man is here, somebody must have paid up!

Tuesday 17—Denton and Durkee create a furore in Psychology lecture by rolling in late.

Wednesday 18—Larrison, Price, Livington and Bills decide, after many heated arguments, that they have not got value received for their class dues, and demand a refund. Try and get it!

Thursday 19—We hear that make-up exams will cost a buck from now on.

Friday 20—Speelie gets on the war-path. He got hit in the head with an eraser, and Seymour has to bear the brunt of his righteous wrath.

Monday 23—Final exams start, Drug Assay leading off.

Tuesday 24—More exams.

Wednesday 25—Still more and more.

FEBRUARY

Wednesday 1—First lecture in Toxicology today. Flaherty gradually recovering from trip to Chicago.

Thursday 2—Lively just now rolls in. Lecture can start.

Friday 3—We test for butterfat in milk. If only the food inspectors could see our results! Plenty of arguments over who got to turn the centrifuge.

Saturday 4—Few students appear on account of snow storm. Others think it poor policy to pamper the professors by coming on Saturday.

Monday 6—Herbie Bohn states that after three years, he believes he has solved the secret of Prof. Wagener's method of teaching.

Tuesday 8—Emerson absent. He will no doubt claim illness as the cause, but that one is wearing out.

Wednesday 8—Herbie Bohn experiments by tasting nitric acid. He claims to have taken everything but ergot now.

Thursday 9—Warmouth late as usual.

Friday 10—Coating pills of potassium permanganate is no easy task, we discover. If the pills don't dissolve, they may get a coating.

Saturday 11—First lecture in Commercial Law. We learn that one shouldn't get drunk in the first place—he should go to two or three places.

Tuesday—McCroskey takes care of the dog today.

Wednesday 15—More Pharmaceutical arithmetic.

Thursday 16—Only one class today. Much rejoicing.

Friday 17—We discover how to figure percentage problems all over again.

Saturday 18—Everybody skipped Bacteriology lecture today. It will be just too bad now.

Monday 20—Everybody "still" in Assay lab as we determine the percentage of alcohol in Tincture of Kino.

Tuesday 21—Mr. Moxley of Kiefer-Stewart Co. addresses the class.

Wednesday 22—George's birthday, but we have school anyhow.

Thursday 23—Prof. Robertson gives us the low-down on how to make a 1:6500 solution from a 1:1000 solution.

Friday 24—Class in window decoration meets today, and many things besides crepe-paper were whacked at with scissors. Talbott's tie was severed, and McCroskey lost a portion of his thumb.

Saturday 25—Deadline on copy to appear in this book. "Mistura" must go to press. But we can anticipate much for the future, and hope for a measure of the success in days to come that has thus far attended us.

CLASS HISTORY

On the fourteenth day of September, nineteen twenty-five, sixty-three students enrolled as Freshmen at Indianapolis College of Pharmacy. This being the initiation of the three-year course, such a large class bespoke the fact that we were a group of true optimists. Hoosierdom was well represented among us, as there were young men from almost every city of importance in the state. And, in addition, many from other states were in evidence.

The first week we were in a daze most of the time, what with strange surroundings, strange faces, and many a fond thought of home. We soon became acquainted among ourselves, however, and found that our professors were not the ogres of our imaginations, but real human beings like ourselves.

We started out with a will and a determination to delve into the mysteries of Pharmacy, Chemistry and kindred subjects and reap the knowledge that we knew must lay in wait. We plunged into laboratory work the second week, and soon became aware of the reason for a laboratory fee, for many a beaker, test-tube or funnel found its way to the waste jar during those first hectic days.

Soon we began to feel the need for organization, and forthwith a meeting was called, and the following members of our class were elected to serve as officers during the year.

Fox	President
Lively	Vice-President
McCroskey	Treasurer

These men served their class with credit throughout the school year. Committees were appointed in various capacities, and when organization was complete, plans for social affairs were laid.

The first event was a Hallowe'en dance, given in the school cafeteria. The large room was appropriately decorated, and the affair was more than successful.

By this time we were settled in our ways, and weeks of study rolled swiftly past until we began to find we had been almost a year at school, and that our days as Freshmen would soon be over.

As a final fling for the year, we successfully gave a farewell dance in honor of the graduating class. We displayed ourselves this time, and held the

affair at the Elk's Club. This marked the end of our first year, and we parted to return again in the Fall as full-fledged collegians.

Of our original number, forty-one registered in the Fall of nineteen twenty-six as members of the Junior class. We became quite sophisticated in our new station in life, and made life miserable for the Frosh, until Professor Edwards began taking some of the spunk out of us with some heavy assignments, and told us that the study of Materia Medica did not require such foolishness. So we settled down to burn the midnight oil.

The second week of October, our class assembled and elected officers to serve during the Junior year. The following men were chosen:

James P. Melser	President
Anthony Haag	Vice-President
H. C. Warmouth	Treasurer
Horace Cutshall	Secretary

These officers faithfully fulfilled their duties throughout the school year.

Our studies kept us quite busy all year, and many possible extra-curricular activities were sacrificed for lack of time. Immediately before the Christmas holidays, we were very pleasurably entertained at a dance given by the Freshmen class at the Lincoln Hotel. In passing, it may be mentioned that those who attended considered this affair one of the most enjoyable in the history of the school.

Following the usual custom, our class marked the closing of the year with a dance given at the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce to which the entire school was invited. It was well attended, and considered to have been a very successful affair.

September, nineteen twenty-seven saw us gathered together again, and this time as Seniors, everyone reporting a happy and successful summer. Several new students from other schools were added to our ranks. These were Joseph Flaherty, Truman Shirley, Daniel McCaughna, Warren F. Jones, and Joseph Salerno. These boys, with Gordon Kidder, who entered in the mid-term of our Junior year, are all from Chicago. They constitute a really live part of our class, and we are more than glad to have them with us.

The class was called to order shortly after the opening of school, and officers were elected to serve during the Senior year. These officers were elected:

Dan Talbott	President
Horace Cutshall	Vice-President
Carl Speelman	Treasurer
H. C. Warmouth	Secretary

With these men at the helm, a successful year was made certain. Plans were laid immediately for a year-book, and at an early meeting the editorial and business staff was elected by the members of the class, and comprise the following men:

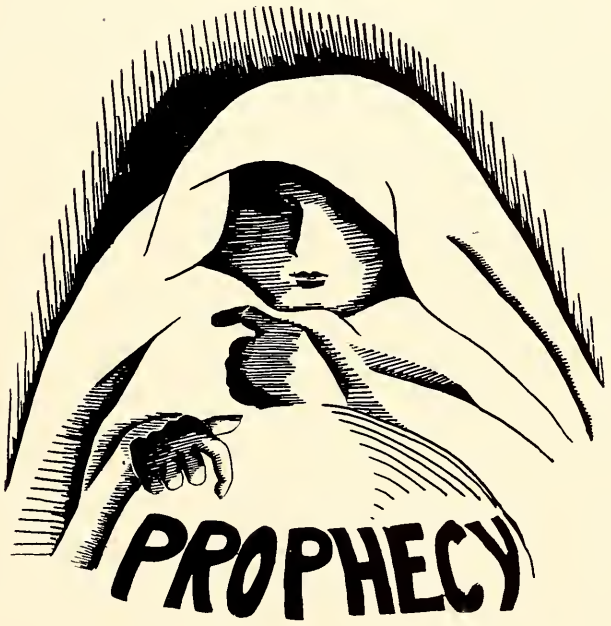
Anthony Haag	Editor-in-chief
Wm. McCroskey	Business Manager
Wm. Strafford	Advertising Manager

The remainder of the staff was picked from among the other members of the class by the respective heads of the departments as they saw fit.

A class dance was given in November at the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, and initiated the social activities of the year. It was an affair that will long be remembered by those who attended.

After the effects of many copious draughts of punch had worn off, we settled back into the rut of study once more, and made graduation a goal to look forward to.

And now, as we leave old I. C. P. for the drug-store counter, we sincerely hope that we shall have left a mark for ourselves, and that what we have accomplished will serve as a beacon for others who wish to enter the field of Pharmacy.


PROPHECY

CLASS PROPHECY

Hello, gang! Get your pipes and light up. Maybe we can find something interesting in the smoke. Look, as the bluish haze curls upward and settles, it takes on the semblance of ivy-clad buildings with weather-stained stone walls. In the background looms an immense gymnasium and a huge stadium. It is the Indianapolis College of Pharmacy. My, what a change the years bring! There is one of the professors. He looks familiar—why, it is Herbert Bohn. Hello, Herbie!

But now the scene slowly changes and we see the panorama of what appears to be a battlefield before us. No, it is just a part of Chicago, and overhead a huge airplane traveling at more than five hundred miles per hour looms into view. And from another direction, a similar plane from Detroit comes darting at the Chicago plane. Machine guns are heard, and the Detroit plane crashes to the ground with its cargo of Canadian whiskey. Almost miraculously we see four men crawl from beneath the wreckage of the plane and survey it ruefully. Well, who would have thought it? It just goes to show what fate and a pipe-dream will do, for who would expect Hiram Warmouth, Carl Speelman, Joseph Salerno, and Arthur Sprandel to be caught in a predicament like this, running booze from Detroit to Chicago by airplane?

And now what became of the other plane? Oh, there they are, flying over the wreckage and leering down at their defeated opponents. Cold-blooded killers—why, there is Warren Jones piloting the plane, and at the guns sit Joseph Flaherty and Truman Shirley! What a shock! And who is that sitting back there dropping bombs? Well, if it isn't Daniel McCaughna. A fine business for our former upstanding, righteous class-mates to be engaged in!

Again the scene shifts, and we see a peaceful little country town. The place must be dead—no, there is a cow roaming idly up the main street. Well, well, well! Look at that sign over the general store:

William A. McCroskey
Groceries, Fine Meats,
Hardware and Drugs.

The "drugs" don't seem to be emphasized very much. Let's go in and look things over and see what the meaning of this is.

Well, where is the proprietor? Here is a little card. It says, "If the manager is asleep, pull this cord." Let's give it a good yank.

"Ouch, say, what are you trying to do, move a ton of bricks? You almost pulled my toe off!"

"Hello, Mac, old boy, how is the world treating you?"

"Hello, fellows. Say, you had better get out of town, the sheriff is poison on tramps."

"Who is the sheriff, Mac?"

"Arnold Meier, of course, hadn't you heard?"

"We're leaving right now, so don't worry."

"But say, Mac, what's the idea of putting the word 'drugs' in your sign in such an inconspicuous position?"

"It is a sad story. You remember Bill Logan and Gordon Kidder? Well, they started a moving picture show down the street, and then Leland Larrison opened a beauty shop. On top of that, Fayne Ottinger and Lloyd Livingston moved their chicken farm to town, so I decided to quit the drug business myself and get into another line."

"Well, Mac, that is tough, and I feel sorry for you. I guess I will be hitting the rods now. So long."

"Stay off local No. 946, the brakeman on that train is Melvin Waltz, and he sure is hard on bums."

"A nice cheerful send-off—what have we here?"

"From my own brother I wouldn't take less—I'm telling you, such a bargain you couldn't find no place!"

"Meyer, I'll give you eight hundred dollars for the drug store, and not even ask you how you got it."

"You are taking the bread from my mouth, but give me the eight hundred."

Who is this beating Meyer Cohen at driving a bargain? Why, it is Roscoe Fritz. There must be more doing in this town than you would think from the appearance of the place. There goes a whole crowd of people.

"Hey, Si, where is the fire?"

"There ain't no fire, but there's a big carnival at the fair-grounds."
"A carnival, eh, let's go!"

Can you beat that, Armstrong in the show business. Listen to the barker, "Folks, we have a thousand dollars to anyone who can prove that our attractions are not all fakes. All you have to do is purchase your tickets, walk right in and state your proofs. Then try to get the one grand."

Say, that boy has a line, and he certainly ought to have, for it is Lewis Duprez.

"Don't watch me, folks, watch the shells and tell me which shell the pea is under. You have a bad eyesight, fellow, that guess will cost you a dollar. Pick the right shell folks, and you win. Anyone else care to donate to a worthy cause?"

Look, it is George Ebert running the shell game. He never did work after he got married.

Let's look in on the side-show. The first exhibit, introducing Robert Vestal, the world's greatest exponent of mental telepathy. Bring your questions on business, love, and other troubles to him and he will give you the answer to your problem.

Next to him, we have Lawrence Johantzen, the only man alive who eats ground glass and washes it down with liquid phenol.

The next attraction is a man internationally known as a statesman and author, who next month will allow himself to be shot to the moon in a rocket of his own construction. He hopes to discuss with the inhabitants—well, I'll swan, it is Pat Melser.

And the last exhibit is a man who has spent years of hard labor—I mean study—at Michigan City in an effort to determine which weighs the most, a pound of a substance with a specific gravity of 1.50 or a pound of a substance having a specific gravity of 2.098—Bernard M. Keene.

But let's get out of this hick burg and get back to the city of our dreams, our college city.

"Taxi! Taxi! Any part of the city for fifty cents!" and we find that after three long years at I. C. P. George Schoener is driving a Yellow Cab for a living.

Paper mister? Big extra right off the press!"

Well, well, our old friend, Blake Emerson selling papers. "How come, Blake?"

"Oh, I wasn't making $10,000 a year in a drug store, so when Anthony Haag and Bill Strafford bought out the News, I went to work for them."

"So Tony and Bill bought a newpaper?"

"Yeh, Tony is editor and Bill business manager. Joe Kramer is staff artist for them."

"Say, Blake, where is Cutshall?"

"Didn't you hear? Cutshall, Glenn Denton and Melvin Durkee are in Egypt trying to make the Sphinx give the answer to its famous riddle. And, say, if you have a chance, go down to the Indiana Theatre. Don Price is playing in a picture called 'Love in the Twilight', and Eddy Robertson has taken Charley Davis' place as director of the orchestra."

"What ever happened to Joe Bills?"

"Why, Joe made a pile of money out of his cigar. He invented one, especially for druggists, that won't go out."

"How about Seymour and Miller?"

"Seymour was going to get married and Miller was to be his best man, but the bride didn't show up on the wedding day, so Seymour joined the Foreign Legion to try to forget, and Miller went along to keep him company. After a time, Seymour, still heart-broken over the way his romance was shattered, fell in love with a girl he slipped to see almost every night. He married her and went with her to visit her people, but when he got there he found that her father was none other than Dan Talbott, who forgave him for marrying his daughter without his consent as father. Shortly after that Seymour found that the chef at his father-in-law's home was Bob Teeter."

But now the smoke grows thinner, and our pipe dreams have vanished. So ends the prophecy. It may come true and it may not, but who cares? Tomorrow brings we know not what, so live and love today, and let the future bring what it may.

The Passing of a Student

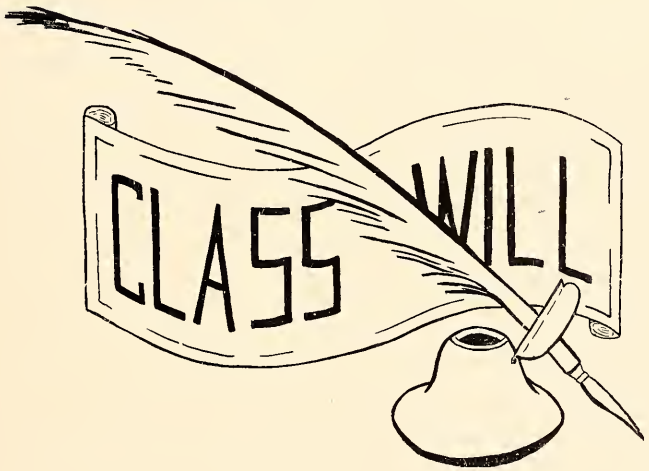
When he was a Freshman, the illness came,
A common complaint in this domain,
He took down with Physiology and Pharmacy, too,
But when he got to Chemistry, he was blue.

Of these studies, he was finally cured;
Of being a Junior he was assured;
But the poor young man was soon forced to bed
Because anatomy had gone to his head.

Then the profs worked both night and day
For fear that he would pass away,
He swallowed potions of every kind,
Liquid mixtures, and tasteless quinines.

'Twas soon the end of his Senior year,
Everyone knew the end was near,
And when the plants began to sprout,
With a sad smile, the boy passed out

———of I. C. P.


CLASS WILL

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of the Class of '28

The school comes first, so to it we leave the group-picture of the most handsome class ever graduated from I. C. P.

To the Faculty our high scholastic record, and the right to use us as an example for on-coming classes to look up to.

To the Junior class we leave the right to be called Seniors, and also the right to use the Senior lab, which we leave behind with many fond memories.

To the rhinies we leave the care of the college campus, the right to sell campus tickets, and the job of making things hot for the new frosh.

And then, being a generous class, we will have roll call, and dispose of personal effects as each member sees fit.

Armstrong—I leave a bottle of Cox's Hive Syrup to be given freely to anyone who suffers from hives.

Bills—I leave to the college museum my bed, which has faithfully served me throughout three years.

Bohn—I leave my entire set of unanswerable questions for the profs to ponder and rave over.

Cohen—My ability to translate German prescriptions I leave to the most capable underclassman.

Cutshall—After much deliberation, I decided to leave my '24 model Ford—but on second thought I've decided not to.

Denton—To the botany lab I leave all my worn-out razor blades to further the production of better microscopic slides.

Duprez—I leave the school in good humor and my broken beakers to the stock room.

Durkee—I leave to the athletic committee all the pills I have made, to be used in furthering Freshman marble games.

Ebert—I leave to the library my personal treatise on "How to Raise a Family and Go to School."

Emerson—Don't think I'll leave, but in case I do—a vote of thanks to all concerned.

Flaherty—I leave my collection of assay reports to the research department in order that they can wonder how I got that way.

Fritz—I leave three guesses. Guess how I did it!

Haag—I leave the worries of editor-in-chief to next years "ye ed", and wish him good luck.

Johantzen—All my unused Circle tickets are bequeathed to those who cut afternoon classes in time for the matinee.

Jones—I leave a desire to discover the secret of Commercial Pharmacy, and what it is really all about.

Keene—To the underclassmen I leave my instructions on how to leave the lab early.

Kramer—To the art department, I leave my chalk drawings.

Kidder—From my experience in other colleges, I leave advice to stay at I. C. P.

Larrison—I leave my notes on becoming a "City Slicker".

Lively—I leave a complete assortment of card-tricks to the Faculty and request them to establish a chair in my honor.

Logan—To certain rhinies I leave my book of phone numbers.

Livingston—I leave a request that the time between classes be lengthened so students will have time to eat longer.

Melser—I leave my bootlegger's address to be placed on the bulletin board.

McCaughna—To the janitor I leave my moustache that I removed last Christmas to be used as a floor-brush.

McCroskey—I leave "Memoirs of my Wild Life" to the library.

Meier—I leave notice to the Juniors that it is not good taste to miss four pharmacy lectures in January.

Miller—I leave my collection of note-books for a nice big bon-fire.

Ottinger—I leave a bottle of Thialion pills of my own manufacture to Professor Wagener.

Price—I leave a set of hand-engraved door-knobs with my picture on them for the front doors.

Robertson—I leave a set of illustrated player piano rolls as a gift to the noon social hour.

Schoener—I leave proofs that the Era Key is O. K. for the benefit of the Junior class.

Shirley—I bequeath to the school my plans for regulating traffic in the halls during rush hours.

Seymour—I leave the desire to see lounges replace chairs for the early morning classes.

Salerno—I leave my methods for running an assay backwards to individuals who desire accuracy above all.

Speelman—I bequeath my spare tire to be hung in the main lobby.

Sprandel—I leave my one bladed pocket-knife to Prof. Dufendach, so that he may whittle during classes.

Teeter—I bequeath the school a complete set of crepe paper door stops to be installed in all prominent entries.

Vestal—To the Faculty, an ouija-board to answer foolish questions.

Waltz—To Prof. Edwards, a dictaphone, so exams can be longer.

Warmouth—A deck of cards to the next occupant of my seat so he can play solitaire during lectures.

CHARACTERISTICS

NAME	AMBITION
Armstrong	Learn toxicology.
Bills	Cut thin slides.
Bohn	Be a photographer.
Cohen	Be a shoe salesman.
Cutshall	Get a diploma.
Denton	Be manager of Liggett's.
Duprez	Be mayor of Vevay.
Durkee	Be a waffle eater.
Ebert	Be on time.
Emerson	Sleep.
Flaherty	Be a sharp-shooter.
Fritz	Be funny.
Haag	Wear silk underwear.
Johantzen	Chauffeur to a Ford.
Jones	Graduate.
Keene	Be a boxer.
Kidder	A partnership with Dad.
Kramer	Teach Keene something.
Larrison	Get married.
Lively	Die a natural death.
Logan	Find a position.
McCaughna	Walgreen manager.
McCroskey	Be a rich broker.
Meier	Brookshire's successor.
Melser	To play in the sand—at Miami.
Miller	Get rich quick.
Livingston	Become a pharmacist
Ottinger	Help Livingston.
Price	Become an athlete.
Robertson	To own a new car.
Salerno	Get ahead.
Schoener	Become Prof. Wagner's assistant.
Seymour	Be boss.
Shirley	Get a line of the drug business.
Speelman	New Chevrolet.
Sprandel	Promote some dough.
Strafford	Be a football star.
Talbott	Pass exams.
Teeter	Go to California.
Vestal	Jerk sodas.
Waltz	Have some dough on a winner.
Warmouth	Become governor.

CHARACTERISTICS

VIRTUE	WEAKNESS
Patience	Coming to School.
Promptness	K. T. Brock's.
His smile	Assay.
Paying bills	Pharmacy lab.
Be a professor	See the wife.
Study	Go to Marion.
Jokes	Silk-clad legs.
Answering questions	Greencastle.
Singing	First class.
Stock boy	Sleep-walking.
Chief cook	Walking.
On time	McCroskey.
Lost it three weeks ago	Editing this book.
Overcome with it	Reading true-story magazines.
Rolling pills	Green Parrot.
Wears no man's collar	Betting.
Filling prescriptions	Study.
Diligence	Matinees.
Speed	Fords.
Everything	Nothing.
Collegiate	Mathematics.
Making A's	Blondes or brunettes.
Persistence	Indiana ballroom.
Loud socks	Date every night.
A quality unknown	Prowling Massachusetts Ave.
Selling perfume	Erna.
Ambitious	Whitestown.
Modesty	Thialion Salts.
Liberty	28-mile rides.
Studious	Finding a job.
Silence	Don't know.
Celerity	Books.
Eating slowly and too much	Nurses, the bigger the better.
Dancing	Cocktails.
Honesty—he was Treasurer	Red neckties to stimulate trade.
Square shooter	Playing Euchre.
Pecan rolls	South Side.
Mustache	Apartments.
Emulsions	Vestal.
Arguing	Talking.
Derby	Playing the ponies.
Well dressed	"Hot" girl-friends.

FAVORITE SAYINGS

Armstrong	"Now let me tell one."
Bills	"He does right well."
Bohn	"Is this theoretically correct, professor?"
Cohen	"How much does it cost?"
Cutshall	"Oh, H—."
Denton	"Where is the rest of the gang?"
Duprez	"Be yourselves, boys, here comes the sheriff."
Durkee	"Let's sleep."
Ebert	"Now, Junior, don't do that!"
Emerson	"What're we going to make today, Mac?"
Flaherty	"Fritz, you're wrong!"
Fritz	"How do you do this, Haag?"
Haag	"That's good stuff."
Johantzen	"Lend me your towel, Toney."
Jones	"She did."
Keene	"Let's go to the Circle."
Kidder	"What is it?"
Kramer	"It was an excellent show."
Larrison	"Now, Herbie!"
Lively	"Look on my paper."
Logan	"Sooner or later, I'll be famous."
McCaughna	"Your turn today."
McCroskey	"The last oil I sold—"
Meier	"Hey, Joe Mendi!"
Melser	"How about another jug?"
Miller	"Wouldn't that gripe you?"
Livingston	"I don't know."
Ottinger	"Let's go home, Livie."
Price	"When do we eat?"
Robertson	"I can't get the darn thing started."
Salerno	"How long does this class last?"
Schoener	"That's the way I did it."
Seymour	"Oh, Mary!"
Shirley	"One More drink!"
Speelman	"Where's the Gov?"
Sprandel	"Hi, rhinie!"
Strafford	"Hello, men."
Talbott	"I won't sit next to Vestal anymore."
Teeter	"It won't be long now."
Vestal	"That's my answer, I know it's correct."
Waltz	"Well, golly—golly—golly."
Warmouth	"Where's Speel?"

I JUST WOKE UP AND GOT A LATE START BUT I'LL CATCH HER YET
GRADUATION SPECIAL
JUNIORS

JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIORS

Hanley C. Abell
Delue Akerman
Cecil Akers
Robert Baker
Harold A. Berkowitz
George W. Bicknell
Calvin E. Bill
Harold Blume
Thomas R. Bonebrake
Glenn Boyd
Kenneth Burress
Sherman L. Buscher
Hubert J. Carwin
Byron Childress
Donald Cofield
Euphame Cole
Marvin Contois
Carl Cross
Norman Donelson
Edwin Draim
Karl S. Ehrnschwender
Robert Eisenhut
Harry Fogle
Parvin L. Furr
William F. Gillespie
Donald Grainger
Carl J. Grow
Harry H. Hamilton
Samuel Hollis
Lloyd E. Hurt
Donald Jones
Charles Kahler, Jr.
J. Cedric Kegg
Robert A. Keitzer
J. Randall Kline
M. H. Knight
Galen E. Landis
Orval H. Larrison
Evan T. Laughlin
Edwin V. Leinhos
Stanley F. Lesniak
Anthony Lobraico
Charles K. Lyon
Francis J. Lyons
Alvin Mann
Lyle J. Martin
Graden C. McRoberts
Edgar Miller
Myron G. Miller
Ora F. Miller
Robert Mills
Harold H. Morgan
Peter J. O'Connor
John H. Orr
J. H. Patterson
H. Allen Pearman
Stanley E. Proctor
Loren L. Raines
Edgar L. Reinheimer
Nathan Rice
Paul Ridenour
Cletus J. Risch
Theodore Rohrabaugh
George R. Roux
Arthur J. Rush
Joseph W. Scott
Kenneth B. Stevens
Carl H. Suding
Alex Szendrey
Mark Thorp
Thomas J. Todd
Horace N. Volz
Auburn Watson
Wilson N. Weddle
Merle H. Whipple
William White
Belvia Williams
Robert P. Williams
Wayne W. Wilson
Carl Wittenbraker
Herman R. Wojahn
Lawrence Zapp

JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior class of the Indianapolis College of Pharmacy, the Class of 1929, looks back upon the Autumn of the year 1926 with more than common interest. It marked the beginning of their career in Pharmacy. Ninety-seven young men and one young woman assembled to take up the study of Pharmacy and allied subjects. The assembly was one to be considered interesting. The students came from far and near, from the four corners of our state and from many neighboring states.

The first week was spent in the usual preliminaries, such as completing registration, first assignments, and other organization work. The second week was the beginning of real school, consisting of lectures and laboratory work. Many of the students were mere novices at laboratory work, and their initial experiences can now be looked upon with amusement.

The class being organized into two sections, the work proceeded smoothly, week after week going by, with the note of accomplishment on every hand.

The class assembled November 1, 1926, for the purpose of forming a governing body. The meeting was a success, and the following officers were elected:

George Bicknell	President
Harlow Hancock	Vice-President
Pearl E. Murray	Secretary
Myron Miller	Sergeant-at-Arms

The first outstanding event following the election of class officers was the Freshman-Junior football game on Armistice Day. The game was warmly contested and well played, the Class of '29 winning the game by a score of 7 to 0.

The Christmas season, 1926, was the time of our first social event, an enjoyable dance, given at the Lincoln Hotel. The dance was an outstanding success, and more affairs were planned, but the pressure of study made them impossible during the balance of the year.

The days and weeks rolled by and we were kept so busy that we approached the end of the school year before we knew it. A great deal had been accomplished in the few short months of our schooling, so much that there was scarcely any comparison with the class of this period, and the inexperienced group which had entered school the fall before.

The one point which we must not overlook is the fine class spirit which was developed. This enabled the class to function as one body, since each student was more than willing to work for the benefit of the whole group.

The year's work was a complete success and each member left upon his vacation with the intention of returning again in the Fall, and with a feeling of gratitude toward the Faculty for their efforts in helping us to lay the corner-stone of our great adventure, Pharmacy.

The Fall of 1927 brought us together again. We were now chesty Juniors. The love feast we had reviewing past experiences and relating occurrences of the Summer just past will not soon be forgotten.

Eighty of the original ninety-eight students returned to be with us again. In addition to these, eight more came from other schools to join our ranks, making a total of eighty-eight students in the Junior class.

The class was re-organized as soon as possible after the opening of the school year. Work was taken up, and has continued without interruption up to the present time.

The first class meeting of the year was held October 22, 1927, at which time official business was transacted and new officers elected. The following men were chosen to fill the executive chairs.

Thomas Todd	President
George Bicknell	Vice-President
Stanley Proctor	Secretary
Avon Szendry	Treasurer
W. H. Whipple	Sergeant-at-Arms

The next notable event was the annual Armistice Day football game. It was played in the usual lively fashion, and was a hard contest from beginning to end. We lost the game, with a score 13 to 0.

The year has slipped around again almost before we know it, work on every hand making the months seem more like so many days.

In the middle of March, 1928, the Senior Class, for some unknown reason, saw fit to fly a pennant from the college building flag-pole. The Juniors, while busy, as before mentioned, looked upon the raising of this flag as a challenge. And, believing that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, they entered a spirited contest with the Seniors, disputing their right to the use of the pole for their flag. After tearing down two flags, and engaging in several playful scuffles, the Seniors were discouraged from making any further displays. This incident is one of the many of those which from time to time arise, breaking the monotonous routine.

The Class of 1929 has now covered more than half the course. We do not lay claim to any special achievement, but we do feel proud of our ability to discern the true purpose of our training—to be of service to mankind.

To the faculty we wish to extend our kindest regards for their help and guidance. To our friends and fellow-students we feel a debt of gratitude for the kindness they have shown, and for their hearty co-operation, without which we do not feel that we could have established such a successful record.

We hope to continue along these lines, and when we write the final chapter to our history in the year 1929, may we say that the task is completed and well done.

Karl S. Ehrnschwender,
Class Historian.

Some Junior Contributions

By Reinheimer.

She was sitting on the Rock and Rye playing with her Golden Seal while the White Oak and Peruvian Barks of the neighboring dogs were borne on the fitful breeze.

Her eyes were Glycerine with emotion as she murmured, "I Camphor to see him—I Chamomile to see him, and still he cometh not."

But, ah! 'Tis he! A youth leaps over a Rhubarb-wire fence and approaches her with Penny Royal steps.

"My Belladonna!" cried he, as he strained and filtered to her bosom.

"Iodide of Potash had you not come but now, I Morphine and fears and doubts," she sighed.

"I Castor Oil to the wind," he returned, and then with a Winslow Soothing Syrupy voice he whispered sweet nothings and slowly stroked her Flaxseed hair, gazed up into her Blue Mass—and just then the village clock Strychnine.

* * *

Science Reveals Itself

(From the Junior Research Laboratories)

At last we have solved the problem regarding examinations! Our conclusions are as follows: Examinations are a new species of Streptococcus which invades the college occasionally, and to which no student is immune. It is rumored by a member of our class that this micro-organism originates among the Faculty. This sounds like a reasonable theory, and we accept it as very plausible.

This species of Streptococcus feeds on the gray matter of the brain, making the victim lose his powers of thought. We have named the disease caused by the germ, "Flunkitis".

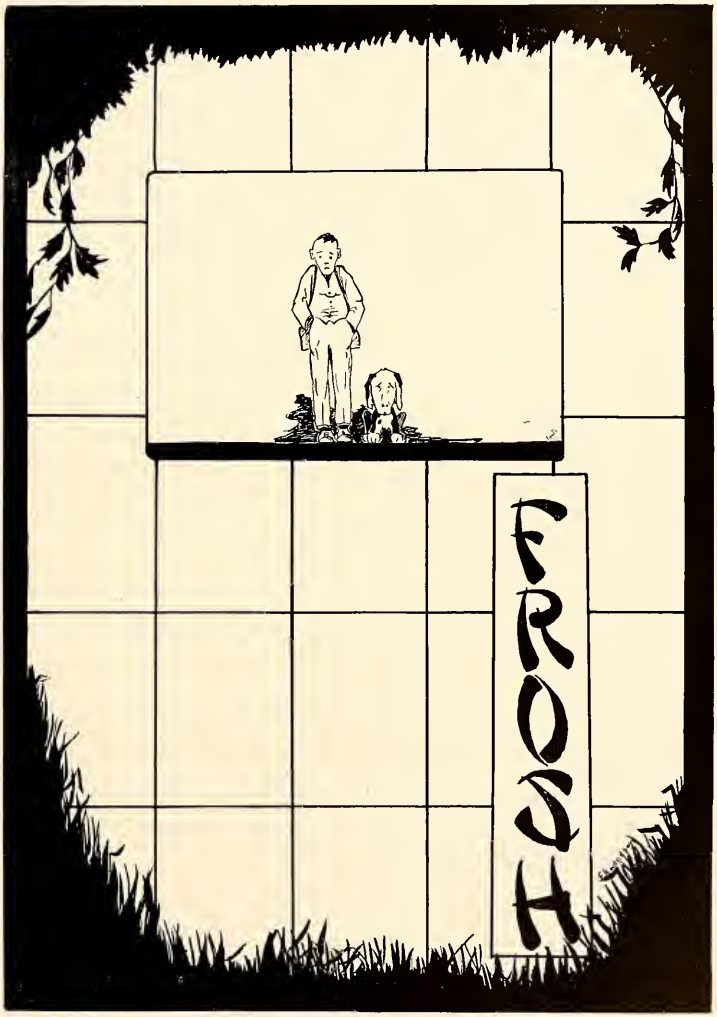
Through much research by our staff of laboratory experts we experimented and found two possible cures, one of which seems almost certain, providing the germs are met in the right way. We call this method of treatment the "pony", and it must be administered in exceedingly small and watchful doses or disastrous results may be expected. The second treatment is also proving quite satisfactory. It is called "the makeup". However it is a little more expensive than the pony, and not as prompt and certain in its action. But we find that both taken together never fail to produce excellent results.

Our laboratories are now working day and night to improve these remedies, and soon we hope to give something really remarkable to combat this terrible disease with.

* * *

AN EPITAPH

Here lies the body of
Mary Ann Lowder,
Who burst while drinking
A Seidlitz Powder.
Called from this world
To her heavenly rest,
She should have waited
'Til it effervesced!


FROSH

FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMEN

Charles E. Anderson
Robert L. Anderson
Carl A. Annis
Albert Bailey
Frederick W. Baker
Edwin J. Banta
Shannon M. Bell
George M. Birdsong
Nathan Blackmore
Cedric L. Carwein
Amon B. Cox
Moody Cross
James W. Crowe
Archie L. Culley
Scott L. Depuy
Matthew Dooley
Earl J. Doyle
Maurice A. Draim
Julius Dulsky
Graham Elliott
Lewis M. Fahl
Joseph B. Farmer
Roy E. Ferguson
Hugh S. Foraker
Franklyn N. Gates
Edward L. Gee
George W. Ginn
John F. Gnutkiewicz
Harold N. Goris
Kenneth W. Graybill
Harlow T. Hancock
Robert B. Hastaday
Delmas E. Hiatt
Charles Hider
James C. Hill
Paul A. Holsapple
John A. Huffman
Cecil M. Jamison
George A. Kandalic
James D. Kiefner
Howard C. Kouns
Robert C. Kramer
Burton L. Krone
Lawrence H. Lamborne
Harold Large
Louis Leerkamp
Nev A. Lewellyn
Marvin L. Limeberry
Howard Linton
Verlin M. Littlejohn
E. Francis Loscent
Rueben Lynn
William M. Mann
Earl F. McClelland
Howard McCord
Thomas L. McDaniel
George G. McDonald
G. Earl Miller
J. A. Miller
Charles G. Mueller
John F. Nightingale
Kenneth L. Parker
W. Bateman Parker
Byron J. Pence
Elijah E. Pilman
Deforest Prentiss
Lorenz M. Pritchett
Allen G. Reitz
Earl Riley
Charles R. Rogers
Guy E. Rogers
Louis Rosenthal
Meredith Rynerson
William F. Sandner
Roger B. Simpson
Melburn N. Soechtig
John R. Stafford
Arnold W. Starkey
Merlin A. Steuerwald
Edward R. Stiver
Max Stockton
Elsworth K. Stucky
Harold Talbott
Ray V. Thompson
Frank W. Turley
Frederick C. Tustison
Ernest L. Walls
Garrett Willis
Jesse R. Woods
Harold Wurster

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

September 13, 1927—the fatal day. Ninety-three hilarious aspiring youngsters from every stage and walk of life rushed to enroll as Freshmen and learn the art of pill rolling and pop squirting. It was also a fatal day for the professors of the Pill Rolling Institution who took upon themselves the almost impossible task of pounding or otherwise injecting knowledge into some very nearly impermeable heads. And it was certainly heart-rending to each student to know that he was in again for three more long years of toil and suffering.

School-work proper began the following Monday at sun-rise. The exhilarating aspect was soon replaced by one of dilemma. During the first lecture periods every "Rhinie" sat with mouth agape, staring into space as the professors languidly explained the theory of ionization and the proper (?) way to use the Era Key and Wright's Guide.

Several weeks passed before anyone really knew what it was all about. But then many of us began to realize that we would never make the grade unless we could quickly discover some process of penetrating the cranium so that knowledge could seep in.

Time still passed, (as it is in the habit of doing). On November 7, 1927, an announcement rang through the long hall of the dormitory, or class-room, as it is commonly known, that the Armistice Day football game would be staged between the Freshmen and the Junior-Senior teams at the huge college stadium. Colors and banners floated in the air as the rioting crowds rushed to the scene of the battle. Armistice Day was declared a holiday from school as usual, and the entire student body witnessed the conflict. After what seemed to be hours and hours, the victory was handed to the husky Freshman eleven who conquered to the tune of 13 to 0.

After the struggle was over, Freshman class-spirit rallied, and a class meeting was called for the purpose of electing class officials. The following men were elected.

Kenneth Parker	President
Lloyd Culley	Vice-President
Elsworth Stucky and Edwin Banta	Secretaries
Roy Ferguson	Treasurer
Charles Ray Rogers	Class Jester

Then followed the long winter months, the campus brightened with a white mantle of snow. And, of course, with winter came Christmas, and every student showed intense disappointment when he learned that there was to be a holiday vacation. Then, after spending Christmas at home, each returned to answer roll call and then the nightmare of preparing for the final exams was faced. The exams marked the end of the first semester's work, and so we enter into the second.

With the second semester, time seemed to pass more rapidly. Our work kept us so busy that we allowed nothing of importance to happen that is worthy of being recorded here. We are about to reach the last month of our first year at school as this book goes to press, and we look forward to a reluctant parting at the end of the term, but we hope to return again next September with higher ambitions and ideals than ever for the future.

By G. E. Miller,
Class Historian.

* * *

The Higher the Lower

By K. Parker, '30

Red Pillman had just informed the Pullman ticket-agent that he wanted a berth.

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent.

"What's the different?" queried Red.

"A difference of fifty cents in this case," replied the agent. "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want the lower, you will have to go higher. We sell the uppers lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper even though it is lower, on account of it being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed, and get down when you get up."

Red decided to take the upper because it was lower.

A TOAST

By Sleepy Crowe, Freshie.

Yea! Seniors!
Here's a toast from the Freshman class.
Also the Juniors—

We wish you the best,
You have struggled hard
To pass the "State"
But now you're the graduates of '28.

And we are sure the Faculty
Wishes you luck.
We hope we finish with just as much pluck.

But in two more years
You will read in the papers
That a hundred Freshies
Are still cutting their capers.

* * *

A SLIGHT ERROR

Girl (to drug clerk)—Can you fix a dose of castor oil so that it won't taste?

Clerk—Yes indeed. Won't you have a glass of soda while you wait? (Girl drinks soda.)

Clerk—Anything else, miss?

Girl—Yes, where is the oil?

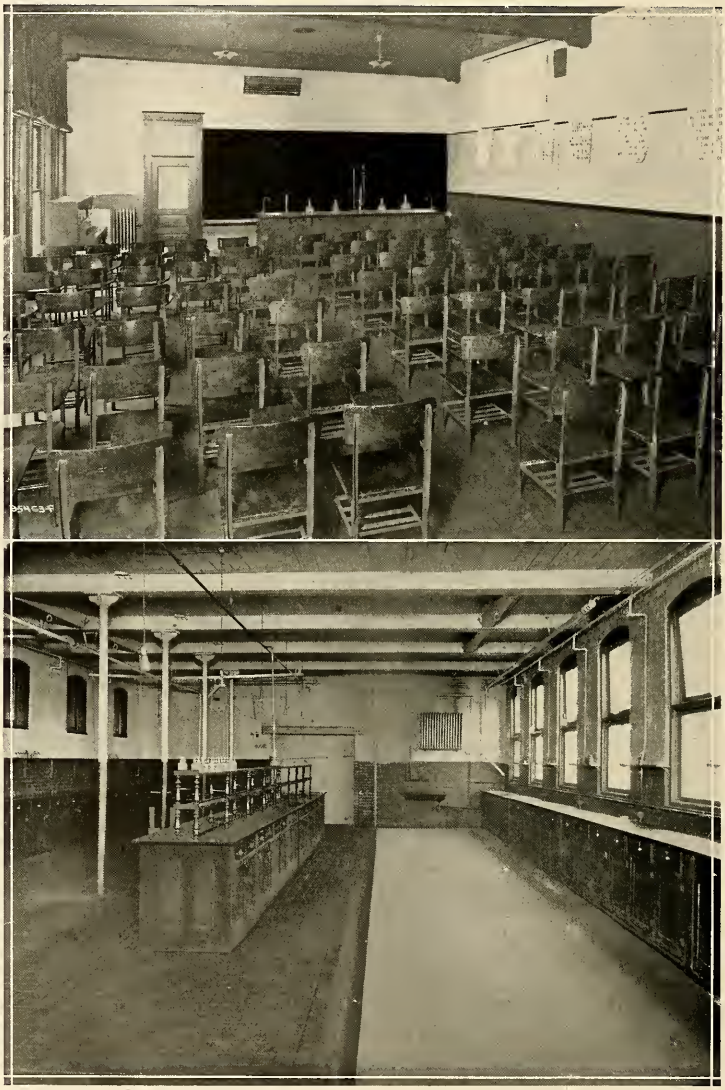
Clerk—Why, it was in the soda you just drank.

Girl—Oh, but I wanted the oil for my mother.

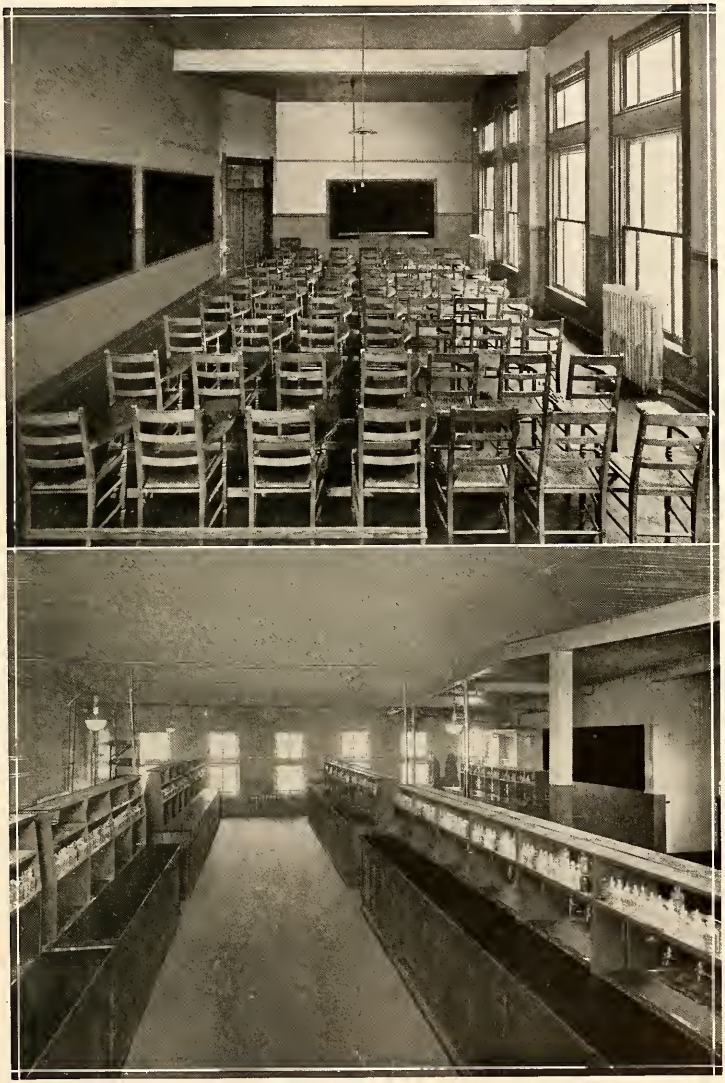
VIEWS OF OUR SCHOOL

PRESCRIPTION LABORATORY

DISPLAY WINDOWS, COMMERCIAL PHARMACY LABORATORY



CHEMISTRY LECTURE ROOM (Above)
JUNIOR LABORATORY (Below)



FRESHMAN LECTURE ROOM (Above)

FRESHMAN LABORATORY (Below)

BOTANY LABORATORY

PHARMACY AND ITS FUTURE

It will be obvious to all that to predict the future of Pharmacy in an accurate manner would only result in failure. However, some idea may be gained as to what may reasonably be expected by the study of the history of Pharmacy and by consideration of the present indications. When viewed in this manner, the future seems bright. Pharmacists are more alive and are taking a keener interest in the furthering of their profession than ever before. They have made very fine progress along certain lines within the last few years and are still forging onward.

During the war the army did not grant commissions to pharmacists for professional work, due, perhaps wholly to the low educational requirement then in force for entrance to schools of pharmacy. Should there be another war this reason, at least, will not stand between the pharmacist and a commission.

Colleges now demand graduation from recognized high schools. The college year has been lengthened and the hours of instruction have been increased. In many states, the three-year course in Pharmacy was effected in the Fall of 1925.

Systems of teaching have been changed in many schools during the past few years. One of the most practical steps in advance is the general increase in the amount of laboratory work offered and required. Certain schools are doing actual dispensing work in connection with hospitals and dispensaries. Such work is invaluable.

Another proposed advance in pharmaceutical education is the requirement of a preparatory year of general college work similar to the pre-medical and pre-dental courses. The minimum course in Pharmacy would then be four years. The conditions in pharmacy at the present time do not warrant every man spending four years at college in order to become a registered pharmacist. The professional work at the ordinary drug-store does not require it, and furthermore the financial returns are not great enough. However, a few schools of pharmacy may effect this change within a short period of time, but in the majority of cases, much will depend upon the future.

According to all present indications, business conditions in pharmacy are going to be better. The legislation regulating store ownership which has come into effect only a short time ago is obviously a great advantage to the registered pharmacist as it means there will be fewer stores, and therefore, less competition.

Research along phamaceutical lines is being encouraged. Price maintainence will soon become a fact. There are powerful organizations of national importance now coming to the front that are able to adequately protect the pharmacist and to act as spokesman for him in time of need. There is an awakened class interest and a steadily rising professional pride that it is pleasing to observe. And finally, there is favorable publicity to counteract the unfair and untruthful criticism too often aimed at the drug-store, and the pharmacist is finding that the public is interested and glad to learn that "the druggist is more than a merchant."

* * *

Twenty-Third Psalm of a Pharmacy Student

I have a study in which I shall not pass;

It maketh me to expose my ignorance before the class;

It maketh me to write Rx's on the board for my grade's sake.

Yea, though I study until midnight I shall gain no pharmacy.

For doses bother me, and uses surely trouble me.

It prepareth puzzles for me in the presence of my classmates;

Surely zeroes and conditions will follow me all the days of my life.

And I shall dwell in the class of pharmacy forever.

IF YOU FAIL AT PHARMACY
Try This

A great many of our pharmacists that are store owners express great discontent at the amount of working capital allotted to them, and look to other fields to supply the necessary cash to carry on their chosen vocation. Also, it might be added, such a thing as the failure of a store is not unknown in business annals. Therefore, we offer to those in need of such, a proposition which cannot fail. The profit is the unearned increment, and the working basis is simply "let nature take its course." So here we present our prospectus for a bread-winning goose-farm.

Rather than go into a detailed discussion of the merits and correctness of the various figures mentioned herein, we will merely outline a statement in condensed form, which, however, is as accurate as possible, since it has been prepared for us by the research departments of Bradstreet and Dunn, Wall Street, Pioneer Goose Raising Farms, Inc., and Hart, Schaffner and Marx.

To begin with, it is necessary to incorporate, and offer for sale two of the shares, holding a one-third interest yourself. Thus you are enabled to enjoy the advantages of a corporation. Furthermore, before starting, it is well to consider the following factors. First, time is very important—you must not try to hasten results. Second, an instinctive humane attitude toward animals is absolutely necessary so that you can sense the feelings of the fowls upon which your success or failure depends, and give them every consideration and attention. For instance, you must remember that a goose is very sensitive, and does not like to be caught in embarrassing and humiliating situations. Thus you will have to learn to ring a bell as you come into their presence. But in spite of all these precautions, should it be that the geese of your farm take a dislike to you and threaten to mutiny, simply act nonchalant and attempt to divert their minds by entertainment of some sort or other. Fall out of a tree or off a fence if necessary. Nothing is more stimulating to a goose than a good hearty laugh and a cheerful, happy environment.

When you have set your mind on entering this lucrative and interesting business, the first step is to find two congenial men who you feel will make honest and reliable partners. Then show them this outline which I have appended, watch their expressions of amazement and their smiles of satisfaction and start incorporating at once. Don't hesitate, for time is money.

The plan in its simplest form is this:

Three shares of stock are authorized and issued, $100 face value.

Three shares of stock @ $100	$300
Buy 300 geese @ $1.00	300
3 eggs per week per goose	900 eggs

$900 \times 52 = 46{,}800$ eggs per year.

$3 \times 46{,}500 = 140{,}400$ eggs in three years.

None of these eggs are sold, but all of them are incubated and hatched. Allowing 40,400 for bad eggs, we have, at the end of three years 100,000 geese.

Then,

2 lbs. of feathers per goose	200,000 lbs.
$1.50 lb. for feathers	$300,000
100,000 pairs goose livers @ 60c	60,000
10 buttons from each goose-bill	2,000,000 buttons
1c each button	$ 20,000
$1.50 per goose, dressed	150,000

Summary

Capital invested	$ 300.
Estimated expenses	190,000.
Total expense	$190,300.

Receipts.

Feathers	$300,000.00
Goose-livers	60,000.00
Buttons	20,000.00
Dressed geese	150,000.00
Total receipts	$530,000.00
Expenditures	190,000.00
Net profit	$339,700.00
Each stockholder	$113,233.33

STATION I. C. P. ON THE AIR

PROF. WAGENER ANNOUNCING

Wave length—39.37 in. 454.6 Kilocycles.

7:00 A.M.—Chorus by entire student body, "Oh, how I hate to get up."

7:15 A.M.—Janitor's Blues. In three parts.

8:00 A.M.—Faculty meeting. Song by the Dean, "What'll we do today?"

8:05 A.M.—Lecture on Bacteriology by Prof. Robertson.

8:30 A.M.—Majority of class has arrived and is tuning in on the earobes and anaerobes.

8:55 A.M.—Class dismissed. Lack of knowledge.

9:05 A.M.—Pharmacy lecture by Prof. Wagener. (Strafford substitutes at the microphone.)

9:15 A.M.—Prof. Wagener—How many quarts in a quartette?
Warmouth—Enough liquor for four of us.

8:30 A.M.—Waltz again contends that an "Era Key" is the true road to knowledge.

9:50 A.M.—Prof. Wagener: "Don't forget that exam tomorrow."

9:55 A.M.—Class passes out—from shock.

10:05 A.M.—Commercial Pharmacy lecture.

10:30 A.M.—Talbott and Teeter bet nickels on how often Prof. Borst will say "and so forth and so on."

10:55 A.M.—Cohen breaks a five-dollar bill, and class expires.

11:00 A.M.—(On campus) Larrison tries to beat street vendor and get two bricks of ice cream for a street-car token.

11:05 A.M.—"30 days and $100 fine," says the judge, and Ottinger faints as he recalls dispensing C. C. pills for Thialion salts.

11:55 A.M.—Students leave room thoughtfully, trying to figure out how many times they have evaded the law and gotten away with it.

12:00 Noon—Dinner almost any place. "Roasta biff, nodules, smash pertaters, jazz-berry pie, and scup scoffee—"

12:30 P.M.—College Melody Makers play that well-known tune, "Roommate, cut your toe-nails, you're tearing up the sheets."

12:45 P.M.—Campus sheiks flirt with "Real Silk" lassies across the street.

1:05 P.M.—Quantitative analysis lab. Assay for the average number of grams of gray matter in a Freshie's head.

1:55 P.M.—Keene and Kramer get into fight over which show they will attend.

2:50 P.M.—Entire class arrives at conclusion that a Freshman has no gray matter to begin with, and that settles everything.

3:00 P.M.—Smoking Club meets in Johantzen's Ford. Lively smokes "Duke's Mixture," and at the same time tries to appear educated.

3:05 P.M.—Dispensing Pharmacy Lab.

3:50 P.M.—Herbie Bohn experiments with nitric acid as a mouth wash. He claims it is superior to anything he has ever used. (And Herbie has tried almost everything.)

4:00 P.M.—BOOM! (Much smoke.) Fritz triturates potassium permanganate and oxalic acid together in his mortar. He just wanted to find out if it would really explode. It did!

4:30 P.M.—Chorus—"The day is ended, but the memory lingers on and on and on!"

THE FACULTY

Of course we'll start with Dean Niles
We don't know what to say
We'll just say that he's excellent
That's about the only way.

And then we'll take Prof. Wagener
He's plenty tough we guess
And tho' he gave us Pharmacy
We like him none the less.

Prof. Edwards is fine, and yet they say
His lessons are so very long
But maybe they're allright too;
The Seniors could be wrong.

McDonald has the lab this year
He drives a Chevrolet
He bought it on the installment plan
And makes payments every Saturday.

Prof. Dufendach gives us Chemistry
He takes the prize bouquet
Whether you're wrong or whether you're right
He has very little to say.

Prof. Borst is a fine old scout
His morals are of the best.
"Now I want to be honest with you boys",
Uncle Harry at his best.

We can't take all; you know the rest
Our space is gone you see,
But as a whole they are the best
The I. C. P. Faculty.

THE HISTORY OF PHARMACY

Few people realize that Pharmacy is such an old science as it really is. Records showing knowledge of the subject extend back for centuries and centuries, almost as far as history itself. The beginnings of both medicine and pharmacy are so very closely interwovn that it is difficult to separate them. The first real manuscript pertaining to pharmacy is the papyrus, or scroll, called "Papyrus Ebers", after the famous Egyptologist by that name, who discovered it and partially translated it.

The Papyrus Ebers is a continuous roll of manuscript about twelve inches wide and over two hundred fifty feet in length. It dates from about the sixteenth century before Christ, or, before the time of Moses. It contains chapters not only on remedial agents and their methods of compounding, but also on ways of conjuring away diseases. Many of the drugs mentioned are in common use today.

Poly-pharmacy, or the practice of prescribing a multiplicity of ingredients in one compound, seems to have been in vogue in those early days. Some of the formulas contain as many as thirty-five ingredients. The writing of the Papyrus was done in black ink, but the chapter heads on weights and measures are in red ink. Evidence that many of the formulas were used is found on the margins of the sheet, where a commentator, or possibly some ancient apothecary, has written the word "good".

Scientific pharmacy and medicine really began with Hippocrates. Hippocrates was a keen thinker, accurate observer, and a clear and concise writer. He said, among other things, "Life is short, opportunity fleeting, judgment difficult, treatment easy; but treatment after thought is proper and profitable." In the writings of Hippocrates nearly four hundred drugs were named as medicines, and a large number of these are still used. He directed and employed preparations belonging to the classes of poultices, gargles, pills, ointments and inhalations.

At the beginning of the Christian Era there were several Greeks and Romans whose names stood out prominently. Celsus, a Roman, was the compiler of an encyclopedia of medicine. Dioscorides, a Greek physician, was

especially noted for his work on Materia Medica, and was the recognized authority on that subject for over 1600 years. Pling, a Roman, was the author of an encyclopedic work on natural history, in which he included medicine and pharmacy. Galen, another Greek, was both a physician and a pharmacist. He originated so many simple, non-chemical preparations of vegetable drugs that yet today, such compounds are called "galenicals" or "galenical preparations."

Pharmacies as separate establishments where drugs were compounded and sold were first instituted during the Arabian period. Among the Arabians who attained great fame in medicine were Giber and Mesui of the eighth century A. D., and Rhazes and Arericinna of the ninth century. Most famous, however, is Maimomides, who was the author of a manuscript having much influence upon pharmaceutical ethics.

During the eleventh century, the period of the Crusades began and had a remarkably stimulating influence upon all scientific research and professional knowledge. During the period in which the Arabs had dominated, great schools had been founded at Salerno, Cordova, Seville and Toledo. These were followed by others at Montpelier, Padua and Leyden. In these schools, pharmacy was taught as a part of medicine. The first authentic record of separation of pharmacy and medicine is found in a decree of the Emperor Frederick II of Sicily, who, in 1233, just after the close of the Crusades, issued an edict regulating the practice of pharmacy in his kingdom. The law mentions the 'apotheca" as being warehouses where drugs and medicines were stored. The compounders of medicines were called "confectionarii", while the mere retailers of simple medicines were termed "stationarii", and the shops "stationes". Physicians were neither permitted to conduct pharmacies, nor to derive any profit from the sale of medicines by any clandestine arrangement with a confectionarius. The confectionarii, in turn, were required to take an oath to prepare all medicines according to the formulary of the Salernian School. The prices which they were permitted to charge were regulated by law, and were so graduated as to permit greater proportional profit on substances less frequently used.

Pharmacies were permitted only in the principal cities, and even then under enforced restriction as to management and responsibility. This undoubtedly marked the beginning of laws regarding the practice of pharmacy, and these restrictions are still maintained in many European countries.

The first organized body of pharmacists met in Bruges, Belgium in 1297. It was in the nature of a secret society, and was possessed of a hall, a constitution and an official seal. This was during the period of the guilds, as professional and trade organizations were called. Other guilds, or organizations of apothecaries were formed in all parts of Europe, and are the proto-types of the pharmaceutical organizations of today.

During the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries pharmacy probably reached its zenith as a mysterious art. The rarity and cost of the raw materials, the many difficult and tedious processes which had to be followed to prepare even the simplest medicines all combined to make the apothecary a person not only of great technical skill, but one who was absolutely indispensible to the success of the physician.

It is interesting to note that in some countries, particularly England and France, pharmacies and groceries were conducted as one trade. This condition was changed, however, when apothecary guilds were formed under royal sanction, separating the pharmacist and grocer by law.

Carl Wilhelm Schule was a distinguished pharmacist of the eighteenth century. Schule is credited with having made more important discoveries covering a wider range of subjects than any other investigator before or since.

During this period, works for the guidance of apothecaries and physicians began to appear under the names of "formularies" and "pharmacopoeias." These were issued by separate groups or communities.

Pharmaceutical education had developed to a considerable extent in Europe before a school appeared in America. Finally, the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy was organized, and now stands as the oldest and best known school in the country. At the present date, schools are scattered all over the United States.

The practice of Pharmacy in so far as its external appearance is concerned has changed markedly during the periods so briefly outlined here, and even greater changes have come in the last few decades. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century, Pharmacy has taken great strides along scientific lines, and even today, each year brings new and marvelous discoveries to the modern pharmacist, who, with the aid of the physician, passes them on to the

public. Each successive edition of the United States Pharmacopoeia and National Formulary brings to our mind more clearly what is being accomplished in modern Pharmacy.

There are now departments of government in each state which have solely to do with the regulation of the practice of Pharmacy. These, with the Federal Pure Food and Drugs Act, show the advances made along these lines, and insure the importance and standing of Pharmacy in the future.

(An Extract.)

* * *

Drug Happenings

Call for red can of tobacco with preacher on it. Prince Albert was given customer.

Little girl asks for roll of pepper minutes. Peppermint Life Savers responded.

Woman requests an ounce of Sodium Suicide. Sodium Cyanide was dispensed.

Call for box of yellow coffee drops. Luden's cough drops satisfied the customer.

Boy asks for Sterilized Ink. Clerk wraps up Stearate of Zinc.

Lady asks clerk for toilet water. New clerk not waiting to find out what kind was wanted came back eagerly with a bottle of Pluto water.

THE STAFF

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R. VESTAL, SOCIETY
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W STRAFFORD, ADV. MGR.
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G. DENTON, JOKES
H. BOHN, SNAPSHOTS
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STROLLING

CHICKIES

WORKING?

HI! BOYS

ON TOP

THE GANG

ALL EARS

MIKE

INSIDE

PALS

FRESH MASCOT

YEA! GIRLS

COMING IN

JAMIE

Basket Ball

Haag (Toney). Forward
Indianapolis, Indiana

Tall, slender, and famous for getting shots under the basket. Toney is good for at least six field goals every game.

Price (Don). Center
Arlington, Indiana.

Another tall, rangy boy, famous for his long shots from the middle of the floor. Don never loses his head, and is good at keeping up the morale by his example.

Lively (Bill). Back Guard
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Bill is big, but my, how he can get around. He always beats them to the basket, and then his motto is, "shove them or smother them", and from his size, he could sure do either very effectively. It is half the game just to watch him step.

Larrison (Lee). Center
Amboy, Indiana.

Here is a boy who could direct the tip-off right where it was wanted—and not let his opponents catch him doing it, either. Lee is good on long shots, and fights like a bulldog.

Durkee (Mel). Forward
Evansville, Indiana.

Light and flashy, and a good dribbler, Mel seemed to be all over the floor at once, and it is a cinch his constant presence was responsible in a large way for the opposing team's inability to pile up a score.

Logan (Bill). Forward
Crawfordsville, Indiana.

Here is the boy we depended on to break a tie by a long shot from the center of the floor. The girl fans call him "Goodlooking", but that just makes his shots even more unerring.

Armstrong. (Guard)
Needham, Indiana.

Chunky, and hard to upset is Armstrong. He sure could "break it up" when the opposing team tried to work a system. At that trick this boy was a "whiz".

Sprandel (Gus). Forward
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Gus is so crazy about basketball that he sleeps with one under his pillow. And when he gets on a floor, look out, for he has a dead-eye aim for the magic ring, and when Gus puts 'em there, they stay put.

Freshmen-Senior Basketball, March 29, 1928

March 29, 1928

The Seniors defeated the Freshman squad in a clean, well-fought game on March 29, 1928, by a score of 63 to 25. The game was played at the South Side Turner's gym.

The game opened with Haag getting the tip-off and the Seniors losing the ball to Crowe, who scored the first field goal. In the first few minutes of play the ball went back and forth between the opposing teams constantly, the Freshmen fighting like the game meant as much to them as passing a Pharmacy exam. The Seniors scored and the Rhinies scored again until the score stood 4 to 2 in favor of the Frosh. Then, as was expected, the Rhinies began to weaken under the onslaught of the upperclass men, and then the Seniors began to put the ball through the ring like boys playing marbles.

Sprandel closed his eyes and scored every time he got near the basket. He led his team with eleven field goals and Haag was next with nine. Durkee was not connecting as usual, but nevertheless, the half ended with the markers at 27 to 12 in favor of the Seniors.

The last half opened with a volley of shots from Sprandel, Haag and Durkee that fairly took the Freshies' breath. Lamborn and Crowe starred for the Freshmen, but it was more than they could take care of to put the Senior squad behind after they had once gained a lead. The rest of the game continued as had the first, and the upperclassmen succeeded in smothering the Rhinies under the large score named above. However, we sincerely trust that by the time the Freshmen have reached the position of Seniors, they will be able to do much better.

Seniors		Freshmen
Sprandel	Forward	Soechtig
Durkee	Forward	Fahl
Haag	Center	Crowe
Price	Guard	McDonald
Lively	Guard	Baker

Time-keepers, Cutshall, Denton.

Score-keeper, Jones.

ODE TO THE COLLEGE

Three sore years ago, our fathers sent forth upon this college fifty-two rhinies, conceived at liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all rhinies are not so dumb.

Now we are engaged in a great pharmaceutical war, testing whether a lunch counter in a drug store can long endure. We are met in a great College for that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of the campus as a final resting place for those rhinies who here gave up success that the rest of the Senior class might live. It was altogether fitting and necessary that they do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground.

If the brave students, dropped out by request, had put forth a little more effort, they might still have the privilege of working gas problems under Professor Wagener.

The Faculty will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but how could they ever forget what we have done here?

It is rather for us, the Seniors now facing the great worldly task remaining before us, that we take increased devotion to the Faculty, and to the cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that this college, under the present Faculty, shall have in its future the best of success, and that this college, of the students, by the students, and for the students, shall not perish from the earth.

BANTY

BOXERS

TUFF

SIGNALS

CHOKE HIM

STUDENTS

GENTLEMEN

PSYCHO

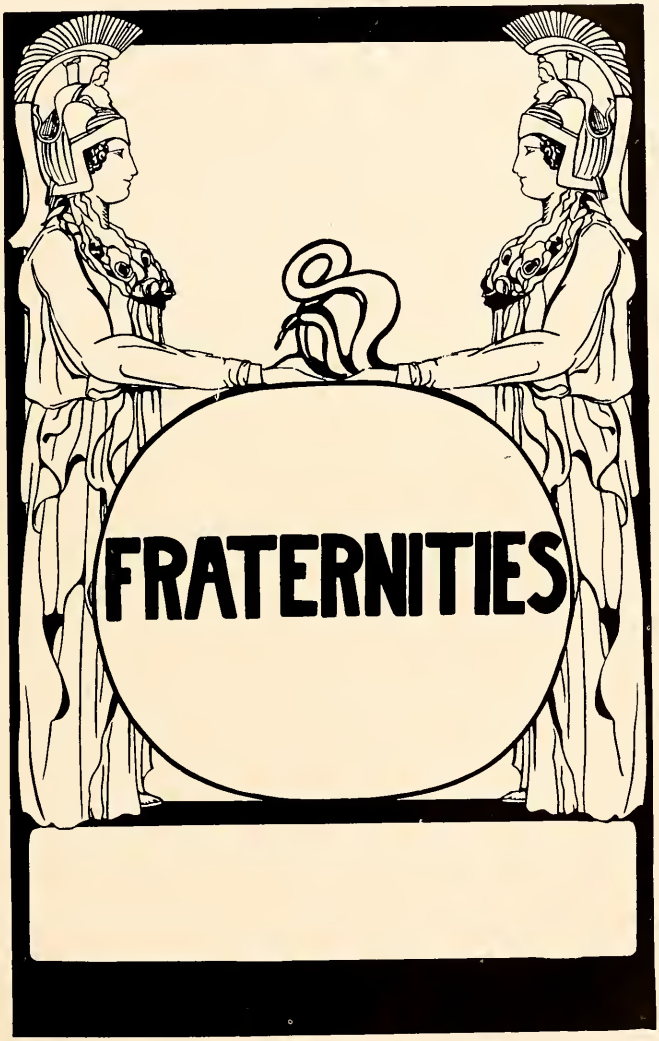
DIZZY

BUDDIES

SENIORS

DRINKING

JUST BOYS


FRATERNITIES

IOTA GAMMA PI

OFFICERS

Carl E. Speelman ..... Chancellor
Donald Price ..... Secretary
Alton Seymour ..... Treasurer
Wm. McCroskey ..... Sergeant-at-arms

Professor Edward Wagener

Professor Milton McDonald.

Cutshall
Denton
Durkee
Emerson
Larrison
Miller
Melser
Sprandel
Waltz
Warmouth

IOTA GAMMA PI

The friendship and interdependencies that result from daily association, especially in such a school as our Alma Mater, often call for a much closer alliance. Such was the case when, in nineteen and twenty-six, the Senior class of that year brought into existence Iota Gamma Pi fraternal order.

Realizing that nothing can exist without ideals, the newly formed fraternity dedicated itself to the advancement of Pharmacy as one of the newer professions, as well as to promote the social and business life of its members.

The officers who guided the order through the days of its infancy were Faust, Seaton, Maxwell, McDonald and Green. To these men, and to the other brothers, who gave them substantial backing, we owe our foundation, and the tenets of our present organization.

During the following two years, we are proud to say that the greater proportion of the brotherhood was from the class of '28. Visions of a permanent fraternal home, and a charter with a national group surged through the mind of each loyal member, and we were spurred into activity by the weekly "pep" meetings, but it seemed that all our plans were destined to hang fire. But we still cling to our dreams, and have high hopes of seeing them realized at some future time.

Nearing the end of our three years of association, we can still, however, look back with pride on our successes, and let these outshine our shortcomings in other directions. We sponsored a very successful dance near the close of the twenty-seventh school year, given in honor of a group of pledges who had passed through our preliminary initiations and were well on the way toward a full brotherhood. During this same year, a co-operative plan of obtaining rooms made it possible for a number of the boys to live in the same house. This established a firmer bond than ever, and through this association, many enduring ties of friendship were formed.

And now we, the brothers of the class of '28 move on, and leave behind us the earnest desire that our aims and plans will be carried on indefinitely by those who will succeed us.

BETA ALPHA

OFFICERS

Edmond Robertson ..... President
William Strafford ..... Vice-President
William Lively ..... Treasurer
Bernard Keene ..... Secretary
Herbert Bohn ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

Armstrong
Bills
Cohen
Dupraz
Ebert
Flaherty
Fritz
Haag
Johantgen
Jones
Kidder
Kramer
Logan
Meier
Livingston
Ottinger
Robertson
Salerno
Schoener
Shirley
Talbott
Teeter
Vestal

BETA ALPHA

The Beta Alpha Club comprises twenty-eight members of the Senior class. It was organized shortly after the opening of school by an enthusiastic group of Seniors who felt the necessity for a new social club. At one of the class meetings the matter was brought up, and a motion made and seconded to form a new organization.

A club meeting was held and the name "Beta Alpha Club" definitely decided upon. The original Beta Alpha Club had been a very active organization among the students a few years back, and this new club was to be a continuation of the old one, upholding the standards and principles of the old group. Officers were elected after a very heated discussion in which "Herbie" Bohn almost lost an ear.

The club sponsored a movement for a spirit of better fellowship and cooperation among the student body. Its aim was fully accomplished and the club made rapid progress during the last lap of the members' schooling. As the club is composed only of Senior members, graduation will mean the termination of the work started in good faith, and it is hoped that next year's class will take up the torch, and not allow Beta Alpha to completely dissolve as an organization.

* * *

KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY

Kappa Psi, the national pharmaceutical fraternity, enjoys a representation at Indianapolis College of Pharmacy, through four students who have come to us from other schools where they were members of a chapter. The following men, our fellow students, wear the pin of Kappa Psi:

Truman Shirley
Joseph Flaherty
Daniel McCaughna
George Roux

These men came here from the University of Illinois School of Pharmacy, and are members of the Chicago chapter.

AUTOGRAPHS

SOCIETY

SOCIETY

All work and no play, 'tis said, makes Jack a dull boy. Certainly, then, there is no excuse for our having taxed the patience of our professors by being dull, for this class of '28 has had plenty of play in its three years of school life.

We, as verdant Freshmen, were bidden by the Seniors to a frolic at the school, in celebration of Hallowe'en, 1925. A big time was had by all, and especially some of the "studes", who are said to have been "stewed".

On March 26, 1926, an event of great importance to at least one member of our class took place. George Ebert had fallen a victim of Cupid's weapons, and on this date, the marriage of Miss Lavinnia Wilhelm, of Indianapolis, to Mr. Ebert took place. The couple was married at the home of the bride's parents, where Mr. and Mrs. Ebert are now living.

At Easter time, the Seniors again started the gay social whirl by giving a dance in the newly decorated Oriental Room at the Spink-Arms Hotel. Paul McCarthay and his orchestra supplied the music, which was rated "plenty good." During the intermission, Jim Haddon, famous Charleston king, stirred the enthusiasm of the entire assembly by his perfect execution of the most difficult steps.

The approaching end of the school year brought with it the annual farewell dance, given in honor of the graduating class. We, as Freshmen, were hosts for this gala event which took place at the new Indianapolis Elks' club. It was one of those nights which come only in May and everyone seemed to catch the mood. This dance was one of the most successful we have ever had. The Livingston-Philips Orchestra supplied the music for which they are famous, and many a neophyte was initiated into the mysteries of the Charleston and the "Low-down" during the evening. Exhibition dance numbers were given during intermission by "Wing" Phillips, popular local entertainer, and leader of the orchestra. Favors for the ladies were shoulder-bouquets of sweet-peas, and all our "dates" seemed more than pleased.

After the last saxophone's wail had died away there was a general rush for the gas buggies parked around the club. All left for home in high spirits, but misfortune, in the form of an inadvertantly placed traffic signal, halted the flight of one of our popular class-mates, Joe Eisenhut, wrecking his machine and doing other violent damage to his person. The factors leading up to the

accident have never been fully ascertained, but class wise-acres who attended the dance have conveyed much with a "wink" of the eye. After a brief period in the hospital, Jo was back in our midst and in plenty of time for exams.

On June 5, 1926, just a few days after the close of school, Elizabeth Davy, of Indianapolis, and Robert Vestal, '28, were married at Christ Church, the little Episcopal Church on the Circle. After a wedding trip they were at home in the Lynn Apartments, on North Meridian Street.

Social activities seemed to lag sadly in the early part of our Junior year. Could it have been that the matrimonial efforts of our colleagues had a depressing effect on remaining members, causing them to cast a wary eye to the future? Certainly they seemed unwilling to give the girls a chance, and it was not until April, 1927, that we got together and gave a dance. However, this Spring function seemed to make up for lost time. True to our custom, we Juniors, who were hosts, found the very newest place in town to have our prom. The club-rooms of the recently completed Chamber of Commerce building were the scene of this revel. Music was furnished by Brown's Versatile Orchestra, an organization of colored harmonizers. The weather failed to smile on us, and staged instead a special program of rain, snow, sleet and "what have you?" Indoors, however, all was gayety and even hilarity. As the evening progressed, it seemed that the punch was becoming more and more pre-Volstead. 'Tis said that several fair ones found it necessary to drive their swains' automobiles home due to the unsteady state of the escorts, but all agreed it was better than walking.

May 19, 1927, found us all elated at the acquisition of a "nephew", son of Mr. and Mrs. George Ebert. Much back-slapping and handshaking took place around school, and it was some little time before George was able to resume anything resembling his usual placid routine of study.

During our summer vacation period, between the junior and senior years, and on the date of August 5, 1927, another member of our class succumbed, for on that date Miss LaVonne Beeson, of Columbia City, and Mr. Horace Cutshall of Huntington, stole a march on everyone, and were married at Joliet, Illinois. Thus fell the third victim to the great god, Hymen.

The Fall of 1927 was for the most part uneventful until the latter part of November. At this time, those of us who are paying for our education by clerking in local drug-stores were the guests of Eli Lilly and Company. We met for luncheon at the Indianapolis Athletic Club, where we were greeted by Mr. J. K. Lilly, president of the company, and Mr. Nicholas Noyes, treasurer, both of whom made informal talks. The lunch hour passed very pleas-

antly, and after coffee and cigars had been served, we were taken to the Lilly plant for a tour of inspection. A very satisfactory and educational afternoon was spent. We left the laboratories with an even greater regard for our friends who so kindly made this trip possible.

On the last school day preceding the Christmas holidays, our classes gave a dance for the underclassmen. The Chamber of Commerce had so impressed us when last there that it was chosen as the scene for the Yuletide affair. Music was supplied by Guy Montani and his "Wee Band." The impending holidays made the occasion even more gay, and one to be long remembered.

And now, as time seems to speed toward the date when the class of '28 joins the ranks of the Alumni, we look forward to graduation. In the interval between, we shall expect the underclassmen to follow tradition by honoring us with a farewell dance. With that affair, the book of Society must close, and this dance, too, will sweep past into history.

So venerable and sedate have we become by now that we read the "Diary of Samuel Pepys" in our lighter moments. Paraphrasing that estimable gentleman, this scribe might now say, "Home in great haste, for the most high editor-in-chief hath this day decreed that this copy must lay upon his desk by early morn, else we shall be hanged, or condemned to a life-sentence at flag-pole sitting. Therefore, we quit our desk at an unseemly hour, and so to bed."

ALUMNI.

More than a thousand students have attended the Indianapolis College of Pharmacy since its inception twenty-four years ago. We sincerely regret that we have not the space to include the names of all those who have trod these paths before us, but we shall endeavor to give, instead, a list of the graduates of the last two years with whom we were associated as fellow-students, and among whom we number many friends.

ALUMNI

Adams, Ralph M. ..... Redkey, Ind., '26
Alter, Russell M. ..... Clark's Hill, Ind., '26
Baker, Byron F. ..... Pittsburg, Ohio, '26
Baldwin, Virgil D. ..... Oblong, Ill., '26
Beck, Floyd O. ..... Ladoga, Ind., '26
Bowne, Frank ..... Farmersburg, Ind., '26
Boyd, Bruce M. ..... Mitchell, Ind., '26
Brenan, Glen F. ..... Anderson, Ind., '27
Bright, William H. ..... Elnora, Ind., '27
Brinley, Ronald C. ..... Zionsville, Ind., '26
Bryant, Francis N. ..... Gibson City, Ill., '27
Brush, Richard C. ..... Zionsville, Ind., '26
Bryan, Jr., Lawrence M. ..... Lafayette, Ind., '27
Brodie, Maxwell ..... Sullivan, Ind., '27
Commins, Thomas F. ..... Indianapolis, Ind., '26
Craig, Earl J. ..... Berne, Ind., '26
Dale, Russell J. ..... Fort Wayne, Ind., '27
Deig, Emil E. ..... Evansville, Ind., '26
Delbauve, Paul A. ..... Indianapolis, Ind., '26
DesJean, Paul A. ..... Indianapolis, Ind., '26
Dudding, Muriel S. ..... Hope, Ind., '26
Eichenseher, Arthur L. ..... Fort Wayne, Ind., '26
Eitner, Raymond A. ..... Hillsboro, Ind., '26
Erwin, James W. ..... Mitchell, Ind., '26
Faust, Howard M. ..... Pendleton, Ind., '26
Franz, Norbert ..... Indianapolis, Ind., '26
Fisher, Robert A. ..... Crawfordsville, Ind., '27
Gantz, Harry G. ..... Worthington, Ind., '26
Gidley, William N. ..... Roann, Ind., '26
Gill, Raymond V. ..... Gibson City, Ill., '26
Glazier, Samuel ..... Indianapolis, Ind., '26
Glidewell, Ivan E. ..... Indianapolis, Ind., '26
Greene, Edwin J. ..... Villa Ridge, Ind., '26
Greenfield, Joseph C. ..... Columbus, Ind., '26
Greenwood, Harvey L. ..... Jasonville, Ind., '26
Grein, F. Clarence ..... Seymour Ind., '26
Greib, J. Edward ..... Elkart, Ind., '26
Haddon. James B. ..... Dana, Ind., '26
Hall, George S. ..... Terre Haute, Ind., '26
Hammer, Russell L. ..... Parker, Ind., '27
Harris, Donald V. ..... Bluffton, Ind., '26
Hatfield, C. Lawrence ..... Seymour, Ind., '26
Hinshaw, O. Eugene ..... Elwood, Ind., '26
Hodson, Harry R. ..... Russiaville, Ind., '27
Hofherr, William J. ..... Muncie, Ind., '27
Hoy, James A. ..... Montpelier, Ind., '26
Huffman Arthur ..... Acton, Ind., '26
Hunick, Leo P. ..... Marion, Ind., '26
Jeffries, Sampson ..... Mount Vernon, Ind., '26
Jones, Wm. B. ..... Lawrenceburg, Ind., '27
Judd, Charles E. ..... Akron, Ind., '26
Juergens, Harold L. ..... Fort Wayne, Ind., '26
Julian, Harry G. ..... Gaston, Ind., '26
Kellams, George G. ..... West Baden, Ind., '26

Klein, Myers L.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Lewis, Brinley W.	Gas City, Ind.,	'26
Lyons, Frederick J.	Attica, Ind.,	'26
Maecher, Anthony G.	Lafayette, Ind.,	'27
Marley, Walter E.	Mitchell, Ind.,	'26
Maxwell, Charles F.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
McCrory, William E.	Sullivan, Ind.,	'27
McDonald, Milton	Sandusky, Ind.,	'26
McKinney, Wesley F.	Shelburn, Ind.,	'27
Meadows, Harold L.	Advance, Ind.,	'26
Metcalf, Letcher R.	Jasonville, Ind.,	'26
Moore, Richard	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'27
Muir, Samuel A.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Nicholson, Hugh W.	Wheatland, Ind.,	'26
Norforth, Berlyn W.	Monticello, Ill,	'26
Overton, Elbert D.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'27
Page, Tracy	Sullivan, Ind.,	'26
Parks, Ralph O.	West Baden, Ind.,	'26
Phillips, Paul R.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Phillips, Walter	Bedford, Ind.,	'26
Poe, Lloyd	Jasonville, Ind.,	'26
Powell, Elizabeth D.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Redmon, Paul B.	Waynetown, Ind.,	'26
Redmond John	Montpelier, Ind.,	'26
Richart, Norman R.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Rudy, Worth A.	Greentown, Ind.,	'27
Sayre, Russell R.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Schlesinger, Lester J.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Schafer, Cassius	Poseyville, Ind.,	'27
Schuh, Frank H.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Seaton, Everett	Casey, Ill.,	'26
Scheaffer, Earl	Acton, Ind.,	'26
Shields, Dwight	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'27
Shumaker, Clarence C.	Sterling, Ill.,	'26
Smith, William B.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Steinberger, George A.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Studley, Ralph B.	Pendleton, Ind.,	'26
Stunkard, George W.	Brazil, Ind.,	'27
Van Hoy, Samuel	Shoals, Ind.,	'26
Waller, John	Brownsville, Tenn.,	'26
Wallman, Harold H.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Walrod, Ralph	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Warnock, Guy D.	Kokomo, Ind.,	'26
Warrick, Wayne W.	Jasonville, Ind.,	'26
Weissman, Meyer	Louisville, Ind.,	'26
West, Henry J.	Terre Haute, Ind.,	'26
White, Wendell G.	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'26
Wilhoit, Gerald W.	Akron, Ind.,	'26
Zollars, Lewis G.	Wheatland, Ind.,	'26

FUNNY

SOAKS

FROGS

A TRIO

HA! HA!

SENIORS

SKIPPERS

CONFERNCE

SECRETARY

UPHIGH

LOGIE

JOKES

WIT AND HUMOR

Fritz—Say, Professor, this isn't an American preparation, is it?
Prof. Wagener—Yes, why not?
Fritz—Because it's full of foreign matter.

* * *

Waltz—Did you know that Seymour talks in his sleep?
Miller—No, does he?
Waltz—Yeah, he recited in class this morning.

* * *

Senior (To Freshman)—I'll admit you know more than I do.
Freshman (Looking surprised)—How come?
Senior—You know me, and I know you.

* * *

Emerson—Pass the exam, Meier?
Meier—Why, er— it was like this—
Emerson—Neither did I; shake.

* * *

Prof. Wagener (In arithmetic class)—This is the worst recitation I have ever heard. I've had to do most of it myself.

* * *

Prof. Edwards (To Ebert, just outside the school door)—Late again?
Ebert—Not a word, Professor, so am I.

* * *

Kramer—How is business, now that you have a new lunch counter?
Keene—Fine, our sales on dyspepsia remedies have tripled.

* * *

Freshman—Behold in me the flower of manhood!
Junior--Yes, you blooming idiot.

* * *

Strafford says, "The cerebellum contains the organs of the head."

The only one—I'll marry you on one condition—
Emerson—That's easy, I got four of them last semester at school.

* * *

Stiver—"Professor, do they use this solution in the eye before or after meals?"

* * *

Speaking of beards, it has been heard that the photographer sent Warmouth home to shave when he went to have his Senior picture snapped. But maybe it was just Indianapolis soot, after all.

* * *

College is just like a washing machine: you get out of it just what you put in—but you'd never recognize it.

* * *

A Frat dance is one of those affairs you go in like a lion and go out like a lamp.

* * *

Lively—So you went to the University of Chicago last year?
Flaherty—Yes.
Lively—What did you major in?
Floherty—Triggernometry.

* * *

Strafford—Going up to hear the lecture on appendicitis?
Haag—Nope, I'm sick of those organ recitals.

* * *

Teeter—What was the name of that coed you took to the hop last night?
Melser—Ann Howe.

* * *

Prof. Wagener (In Pharmacy)—Cohen, what is Elixir of B. J. and P. A.?
Cohen—Elixir of Black Jack and Prince Albert.

* * *

Bohn—I'm trying to get ahead, Professor.
Prof. Edwards—That's fine, keep it up, for you are certainly going to need one.

Sweet young flapper (To drug clerk)—Have you any good hair tonic?

Bright young clerk—Yes, but your hair looks perfect.

Sweet young flapper—O, I don't want it for myself. You see the fur is falling out of my fur coat.

* * *

Customer (To young clerk behind counter)—You're young to be a drug clerk. Where is your diploma?

Enthusiastic clerk—I haven't that but I have another preparation just as good.

* * *

Customer—I want some consecrated lye.

Clerk—You mean concentrated lye.

Customer—It does nutmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulphur?

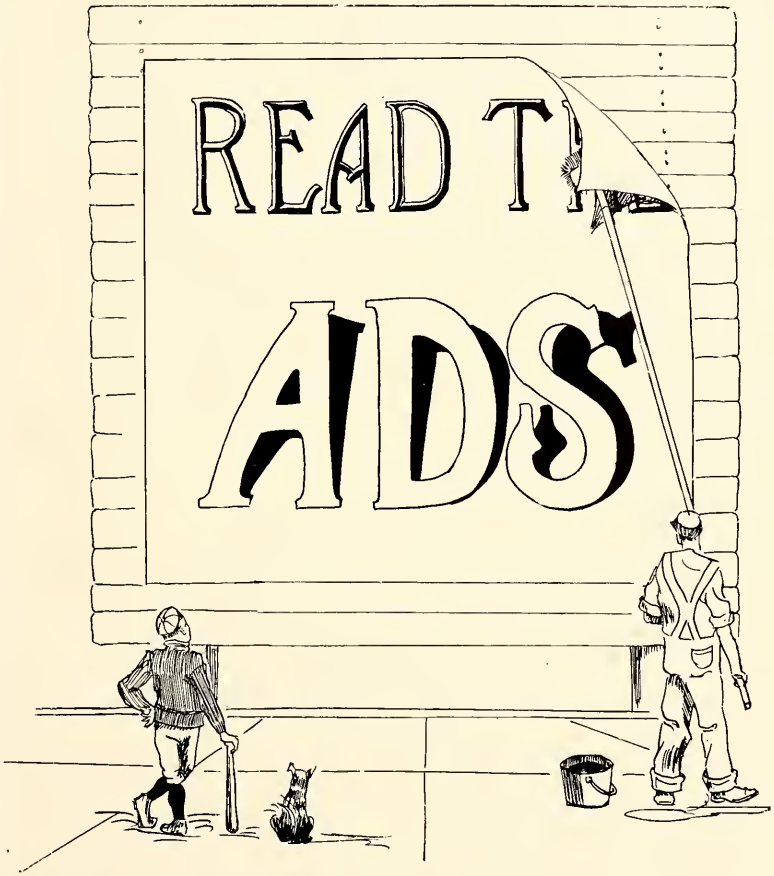
Clerk—Fifteen cents.

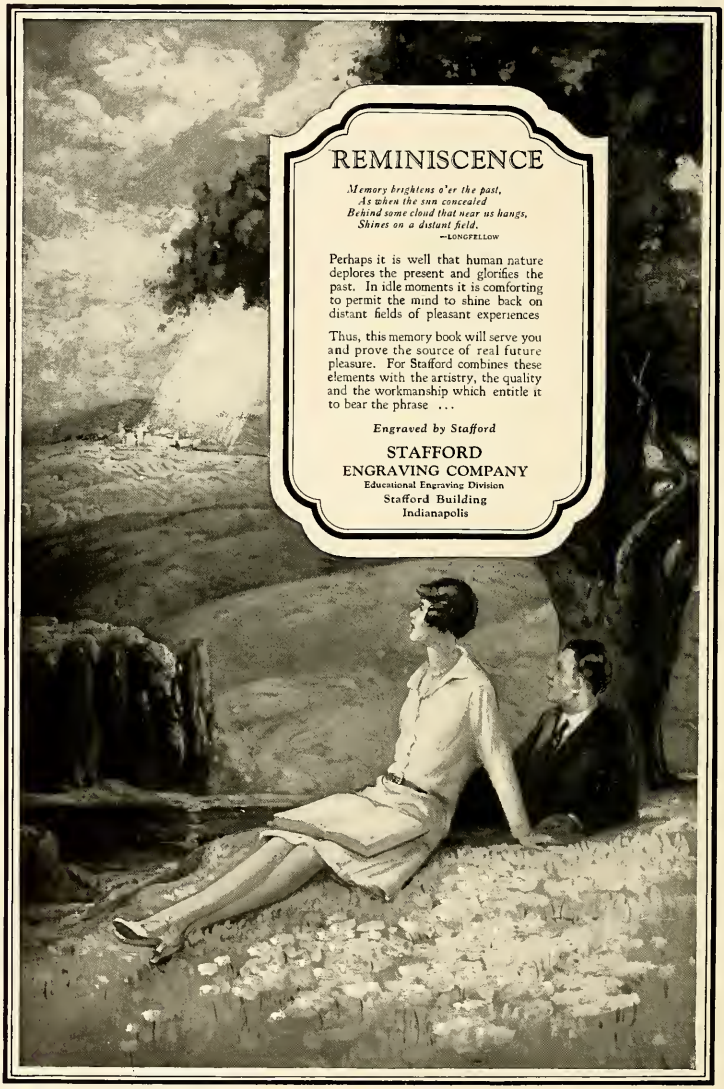
Customer—Well, I should myrrh, myrrh, though I am only a poor gallon her last legs.

* * *

Talbott (To negro porter)—You haven't made much of job cleaning my trousers. Have you tried ammonia?

Negro—Yas suh; dey fit great.


READ T
AIDS


REMINISCENCE
Memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.
—LONGFELLOW
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◇ ◇ ◇

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No. 2 607 Hume-Mansur Bldg.
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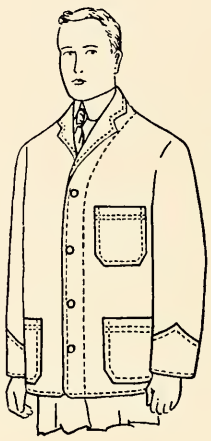

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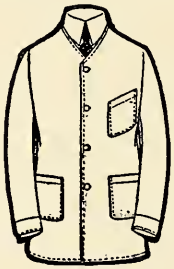

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The Richness annd Flavor bring more Customers.

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Hand Made and Hand Dipped
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A square deal to everybody

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"Tripure"
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Compliments of

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ALBERT G. MUELLER '23

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I. C. P.

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Congratulations
and
Best Wishes
for your Continued Success

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U-KNO CHOCOLATES

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First, Last and All the Time

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Order through your usual source of supply, or direct.

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Ephedrine Inhalant, Swan-Myers, contains 1 per cent. solution of Ephedrine alkaloid in light mineral oil, colored for identification and fragrantly perfumed with oil of rose.

It contains no aromatics, such as menthol, thymol, camphor or eucalyptus which frequently irritate and sting. Patients experience no discomfort from the cold air after the use of this spray. Applied as an oil spray, or as drops in the nose, this Inhalant will contract capillaries, reduce swelling of the turbinates and diminish hyperemia. It promotes sinus ventilation and drainage. Its action is prompt and sustained.

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Special Service

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IN BUSINESS——— FIFTY THREE YEARS

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"Serve it and you please all"

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Two gymnasiums—a fine place to keep in shape.

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"The one better"

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